THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

## *ENTERTAINING COMPANION*

FOR

## THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For FEBRUARY, 1805.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:*

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4 A new and elegant Pattern for a Crown-Cap.
5 Music—'THE MIDNIGHT SIGH;' set to Music by W. Barre.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope the author of the *Elville Family Secrets* will soon resume her pen, and favour us with regular continuations.

The Poem entitled the *Triumphs of Nature* is on a well-conceived plan and has many good lines, though more that are very defective. We would recommend to the author to revise and correct it with attention.

J. B.'s communication shall have a place.

J. C.'s Verses on leaving H—h, Acrostics, &c. are received, and intended for insertion.

Phœbe L.'s Acrostic shall appear.

THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE.

## For FEBRUARY, 1805.

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## ANECDOTES

OF

## *WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY,*

STYLED

## THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

*With occasional Observations on his Representation of different dramatic Characters.*

*(With his Portrait, elegantly engraved.)*

IN our Magazine for December, we have already given an account of the early disclosure of a genius for acting by this extraordinary boy, and of his first performances at various country theatres, extracted from the interesting Memoirs of his Life by Mr. Merritt of Liverpool. We now present our readers with some additional anecdotes relative to him, and an account of his reception, and the distinguished manner in which he has acquitted himself, on the London stage.

It has been already said, in the biographical sketch before given, that Mr. Jackson, the manager of the Edinburgh theatre, having engaged master Betty to play at Edinburgh, he performed in that city fourteen nights. 'His reception there,' says Mr. Jackson, 'was, beyond all conception or belief, unexpected, heartfelt, and universal; which completed my wishes and the triumph of the youth. To heighten the brilliancy of the successful close, chance threw in a fortunate incident.

'On the forenoon of the play-day I met Mr. Home, the author of Douglas, on the North-bridge. Compliments being exchanged, I informed him that his popular play was to be performed that night. He said he had not heard of it; and enquired in what manner it was to be represented. I replied, it would be to his entire satisfaction. Explanations took place; and he promised me to be in the house before the opening of the play. "But," says he, "I must have my old place: I shall come to your house, and you shall conduct

me to it." He came according to his word; and I had the pleasure of seating him at the side of the first wing, where I had enjoyed the same honour at that very play forty-three years before: and I presume no one ever received higher gratification than he did, from the performance of the evening. I read his looks, and saw the undisguised workings of his frame. The play concluded with reiterated applause; which scarcely ceasing, the author of Douglas, in the plenitude of rapturous enthusiasm, from the unexpected gratification he had received, stepped forward before the curtain, and bowed respectfully to the audience; retiring amidst the convulsed and tumultuous acclamations of the house.

'On his being veiled from the sight of the spectators, I asked him how he had been entertained. "Never better, sir," said he: "this is the first time I ever saw the part of Douglas played; that is, according to my ideas of the character as at that time I conceived it, and as I wrote it. He is a wonderful being; his endowments are great beyond conception; and I pronounce him at present, or at least that he soon will be, one of the first actors upon the British stage."

On the extraordinary natural powers and talents of this young actor Mr. Johnson expresses himself as follows:—

'I speak not from a transient view, or from the examination of a single character: I have traced him through all the parts he has hitherto performed on this (the Glasgow) theatre, and watched his dramatic progress with a critic's eye, in order to notice expected defects, and, if needful, to point out emendations. But his correctnest and graceful mode of deportment throughout the whole of the performance, and the astonishing exertions which his powers enabled him to exhibit, rendered useless my intention, and taught me to know that nature's above art in that respect; for the gifts she has endued him with, I found, stood in no great need of a preceptor. Nor, in the whole series of my acquaintance with the stage, have I ever beheld the same range of characters filled by the principal theatrical adults with a smaller number of admissible faults.'

While he remained at Glasgow so great was the general enthusiasm which he had inspired in his favour, that some person having adventured to criticise his performance rather freely, and point out supposed faults, the public indignation was so strongly excited against the author of the censorious remarks, that, when he was discovered, he was obliged to leave the town.

Immediately after his performance of the character of Douglas at Edinburgh, when Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy, was present, the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* gave the following account of his first appearance, deportment, and manner.

'His appearance, on his first entrance, chiefly engaged the attention by its extreme juvenility. He is gracefully formed; but he is not, as we understand, more than twelve years old, and he looks still younger. His face, too, though very pleasing, has all the smoothness of boyhood; and from the necessary faintness of those lines by which the passions too legibly indicate their existence in maturer age, it was not easy to anticipate a powerful delineation of emotions which could hardly be supposed to exist in the breast of the performer. But no sooner had he entered upon his part than his superiority was fully exhibited: he speedily took full possession of the audience; and after the scene with lady Randolph, in which she reveals to him the secret of his birth, the spectator

was involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, led to try him, not by a standard accommodated to his inexperience and his youth, but by one arising from the clear perception of the poet's beauties, and the recollection of what had been previously done for the character by the very first performers of the part.

'To this admirable scene we certainly never did see greater justice done; seldom, very seldom, so much. In the previous progress of the part, the youthful candidate had exhibited the ardent and aspiring shepherd, panting for honour and distinction, yet repressed by modest timidity and ingenuous diffidence. In this scene his performance breathed all the wildness of joy, the enthusiasm of filial love tempered by reverential awe, the triumphant consciousness of noble descent, and the nobler dignity of inborn worth. Never did we see those feelings more chastely conceived, more beautifully blended, or more powerfully expressed. His address to his mother was more peculiarly admirable. The taunting scene with Glenalvon was also excellent; and, in general, those passages were most prominently so in which ardent feeling was to be expressed.

'It is not by any means to be understood, however, that he was defective in the descriptive and declamatory scenes. On the contrary, his account of the hermit was the evident result of clear and accurate discrimination; and the burst of feeling with which he announced the catastrophe of the sage was the genuine offspring of nature. But the dying scene was beyond all comparison the finest.

'We have seen Mr. Kemble and others in the part; and, with a clear perception of all the hazard we encounter, we hesitate not to deliver it as our opinion, that if any previous performer has equalled, not one has excelled, this astonishing child in the delineation of life's closing scene. His voice was clear, melodious, and articulate to the last; and yet so naturally and so accurately did its receding murmurs indicate the increasing debility of expiring nature, that each plaintive accent seemed its final effort. The dropping of the curtain was accompanied by the rapturous and reiterated applauses of the audience, whose tears had previously borne less equivocal testimony to the merits of the performer.

'It would be easy to enlarge upon other particulars of the performance, but it is probable we may be thought to have already said too much. We shall close our account, therefore, with a few general remarks.

'The readings, deportment, conception, and whole manner of this boy are entirely his own. He is, so far as we can judge, entirely *original.* He not only does not imitate the first performers of the day, but he is remarkably contrasted with almost all of them. Every one knows that the school of Garrick is now no more. The fire, the rapidity, the impassioned gestures, the quick and exhaustless variety which characterised it have given place to awful dignity, to stern elevation, to savage wildness, and to eccentric grief. It seems to have been the aim of this infant performer (if any aim can be ascribed to that which most probably is the resistless dictate of nature) to renovate that school. His whole acting, at least, is founded on its principles. It is rapid, natural, and easy. He has no artificial pauses, no affected modulation, no statue-like attitudes. Every word he utters seems the immediate result of the feeling which prompts it; and if his gestures are seldom characterised by elaborate smoothness and grace, they are uniformly true to character and passion. It is difficult

to pronounce respecting the height to which this phenomenon may one day attain; or whether, like many others (all of them, however, we contend, less wonderful) he may blaze for a day, and set in obscurity. But this we do say, that when a veteran performer shall exhibit the powers of this child he will be entitled to the praise of no ordinary excellence.'

From Scotland master Betty went to Birmingham, which was the first place at which he made his appearance as an actor in England. During his stay in that town, the following neat little *jeu d'esprit* found its way into circulation:

Nature one day with Art was notes comparing.
'I cannot bear,' said she, 'your vaunts of sharing
My sole creation: if I grant that Kemble
May of us twain yourself the most resemble—
And that, though I bestow'd the shape and face,
You added action, energy, and grace—
What then? Exclusively is Cooke my own,
Of thee regardless, nay, to thee unknown.'
'Marry come up!' quoth Art, 'since thus you flout me,
And boast that you can do your work without me,
Try; make one man, depriv'd of my assistance,
A perfect player, and I'll keep my distance.'
'A man!' dame Nature, in a rage, replied—
'A child, a very child, shall crush thy pride!'
True to her word, she stamp'd her infant son
The faithful miniature of Roscius gone;
Cooke, Kemble, Holman, Garrick, all in one.

It was during master Betty's stay at Birmingham that negociations were first commenced for his appearance on the London stage. Mr. Graham, one of the gentlemen connected with the board of management at Drury Lane theatre, happened to pass through the town on his way to London; and having been pressed to witness the performance of the young Roscius, he attended the theatre two evenings on which he played. This gentleman was so well pleased with his acting, that he made him an offer of half a clear benefit if he would perform seven nights at Drury Lane. This offer, however, was not accepted. After Mr. Graham's return to London, farther enquiries were made with respect to this wonderful boy; and Mr. M'Cready, the manager of the Birmingham theatre, was applied to for his opinion what terms would be adequate to his merits. That gentleman, without hesitation, signified, that he thought that fifty guineas a night, and a clear benefit, would not be too much. These terms not being immediately acceded to, Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden theatre, availed himself of the delay, and sent a *carte blanche* to master Betty's friends, who entered into an engagement for his appearance at London for twelve nights, at the rate proposed by Mr. M'Cready, and a clear benefit. The original agreement, it is said, stipulated, that he was to play three nights a week during the last week of November, the same number during the first week of December, the last week of January, and the first week of February: his benefit to take place on the thirteenth night; and a new engagement to be formed on similar terms, after Easter, provided it were agreeable to both parties. The managers of the other theatre were not a little disappointed and chagrined at having lost their opportunity; but as a chasm remained open in the Covent Garden agreement, they availed themselves of it, and master Betty was subsequently engaged to play at Drury Lane in the weeks intervening between those of his performance at the rival theatre, and on the same terms.

Some variation, it appears, was made in master Betty's engagement at Covent Garden with respect to the

times of his performance; for instead of playing three nights in the last week of November, he did not make his first appearance until Saturday December the 1st, and in the succeeding week he performed five times.

From Birmingham master Betty went to Sheffield, and from Sheffield to Liverpool, where, as has been observed in our former account, all his former success and the emolument it had produced to him were greatly exceeded. While at Liverpool, he had the honour of enjoying the particular notice and protection of prince William Frederick of Gloucester, who resided in that neighbourhood, as commander in chief of the north-western district. His royal highness not only testified the highest gratification at his performances, but seemed to interest himself very strongly in his welfare. He sent for Mr. Betty and his son, and expressed to the former his admiration of the young gentleman's uncommon talents, and his anxious wish that every means might be employed to bring such rare abilities to their full maturity. He recommended, also, that the produce of the youth's exertions, or a considerable part thereof, should be placed for his use in the hands of trustees; observing that the fund so formed would furnish the means of completing his education on a liberal and extensive plan, adapted to the profession which he had chosen, and of which he was likely to become so conspicuous an ornament. His royal highness also suggested, that it would be adviseable to engage, at a suitable salary, a man of learning and character, who might be qualified to accomplish such a scheme of instruction, and who would devote his whole attention to the care of his pupil. A system of education something in conformity to this, it is said, will be adopted.

On the evening of Saturday, December the 1st, Dr. Brown's tragedy of Barbarossa having been got up on the occasion, master Betty made his first appearance at Covent Garden theatre, in pursuance of his engagement, in the character of Achmet. The fame which had preceded his arrival in London had produced a degree of curiosity unknown in the annals of the theatrical world. So great was the anxiety to behold this youthful performer, that several persons sought to conceal themselves in the house on Friday night, in the hope of remaining there unperceived until the returning night should gratify their wishes by the appearance of Achmet.

So early as twelve o'clock on the Saturday, the avenues to the various parts of the theatre were nearly filled with people, and between one and two they became crowded. The managers, anticipating this eagerness and impatience, had taken every precaution against its consequences. A great number of Bow-street officers and constables were called in to preserve the peace, and prevent riot and confusion. A large party of soldiers were also stationed at the several doors to protect the people against the necessary and fatal result of the rush of such an immense tide. About half past four o'clock the crowd became so great, that the most serious apprehensions were entertained for the lives of several persons who were fainting away under the pressure, and to whom, in the midst of the impenetrable mass, no assistance could be afforded from the outside: it was therefore thought adviseable to open the Bow-street door, though a full hour earlier than usual, with a view to accommodate the besiegers, and relieve them from the pressure which they had so long endured. In an instant the tide rushed in, and took possession of the space between the outer door and the bar in the lobby, where the money is received. As

only one can pass at a time, the pressure became so great, and its effects so much more intolerable than they had been in the open street, that the crowd broke all the windows on each side of the entrance, for the benefit of the air; yet the heat and pressure still continued so great as every moment to threaten suffocation. A board was displayed, announcing that the boxes were all full, as they really were; yet they continued rushing in until after six o'clock. One half, at least, of all those who suffered this fatigue and danger were obliged to return ungratified.

Nearly the same confusion that prevailed without the house presented itself within, during the early part of the night. The pit made a somewhat novel appearance. There was scarcely a female in it; and the pressure was so great, that in the course of the night several men were overcome with the heat and lifted up into the boxes, whence they were carried out of the house.

At the end of the second act master Betty presented himself, amidst a thunder of applause. He received the animated expressions and greetings of the admiring audience with a prepossessing modesty, and through the whole of his performance experienced as loud, as liberal, and as just applause as was ever given or received within the walls of a theatre.

On Monday, December the 10th, he appeared for the first time at Drury Lane, in the character of Young Norval, in Douglas. That immense building Drury Lane theatre was crammed in every part from the floor to the cieling, and his performance met with the same unbounded applause which had been bestowed on it at the other house. When he had performed his six nights here, after a considerable interval on account of illness, he returned to Covent Garden, where he completed his first engagement, and received his benefit, for which he acted Tancred. The amount of the receipt at Covent Garden theatre for each of the twelve nights that he acted there was, on an average, 577*l.* in money taken at the doors, exclusive of all admissions by privilege.

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## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

*(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)*

HEAD-dresses in hair and turbans are still in undiminished vogue for full dress. In undress, next to the hats of black velvet, or of the same colour with the great coat now generally worn, a capote of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with a wide *tulle*, is most fashionable. The velvet hats are usually ornamented with feathers and flowers, and some are lined with a different colour: Cassimere hats, of the same colour with the great coats, are edged with black velvet.

The dress represented in the *annexed plate* is now much worn.—A great coat of blue cassimere with a black velvet collar, and a velvet edging of the same colour. (This great coat comes down to the shoes, and is trimmed in the same manner at the bottom)—*Colerette à la Medicis*—Coral necklace and ear-rings—the head-dress of hair raised on the top of the head, and fastened with a gold comb.

The cloth great coats have always large collars with folds. The taffety *douillettes*, which are pretty numerous, have likewise large collars of black velvet: they are usually of a bright nut-brown. The number of shawls continually diminishes: Palatines, both white and striped, begin to make their appearance.

THE

## ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 19.)

### CHAP. XXI.

VICTORIA, upon awaking, found herself alone in her chamber. Instantly she arose, and speedily performed the task of dressing. Her distress had not lost its poignancy; but, from the medicine she had taken procuring for her such a long and tranquil rest, her spirits were more composed than on the preceding night. But long they were not allowed to continue so; for scarcely had she completed her morning duties to her Creator, when Hero, with much malicious exultation pourtrayed in every line of her countenance, entered the room.

'I am come,' said she curtseying with mock reverence, 'I am come with don Manuel de Bascara's most profound respects to the lady Victoria di Modena, the honour of whose presence below he humbly entreats; that, whilst seignor Garcias and the other cavaliers are at breakfast, he may have the transport of feasting his delighted eyes upon the transcendent beauties of the adored mistress of his soul.'

The wounded delicacy and pride of Victoria's pure and noble soul, felt too indignant for articulation, and yet too powerful for concealment, emanated like angry lightning from her beautiful expressive eyes.

For a moment Hero shrunk into her own natural insignificance, and with something approaching to respect she spoke again—'Will not lady Victoria comply with don Manuel's request?'

'Not any request sent from him to me by her,' calmly but determinately Victoria replied, 'who forgetful of every feeling of delicacy, respect, and humanity, exultingly and wantonly insults the wretched and forlorn.'

'Not so very forlorn,' said Hero with a horrid smile of malignant triumph. 'Lady Victoria has friends and champions enough in the dungeons of this castle; and if her ladyship will not comply with any request sent by me, don Manuel, to evince his respect and please her delicacy, must himself come hither to make his wishes known.'

'Oh, Hero!' exclaimed Victoria in tremulous tones of the most touching distress and supplication, 'if one feeling yet remains of that humanity which once actuated your mind, threaten me not with such horrors; and do not you accumulate my misery because fate has thrown me into your power: compassionate my sufferings—respect my distress. Forget not the best ornaments of the female mind, and I will unhesitatingly attend to your request, and accompany you wheresoever don Manuel commands me to go.' She moved towards the door; when suddenly recollecting Pedro's suspicions of Hero, she stopped, she hesitated: at length she continued—'Might I not be permitted to see Pedro or Teresa before I leave my chamber? I feel as if I much required the assistance of seignor Pedro to compose my spirits, before I attempt to encounter the horrors of the day. Can I, think you, be allowed this small favour?'

'Certainly,' replied Hero with a malign sneer, 'most certainly: lady Victoria will be allowed to see them, though not exactly where she wishes. But she, who is all humanity and gratitude to her friends, will think it not too great a condescension to visit them in a dungeon.'

Victoria's heart bounded painfully with the fell shock of horrid surprise and anticipating apprehension.

'In a dungeon!' she exclaimed, almost convulsed with grief and terror. 'Explain—tell me. It is Pedro or Teresa I wish to see; where, where are they?'

'In the dungeons, with the rest of lady Victoria's wise champions! where, as seignor Garcias has just said, she may find them fast bound in the chains of her friendship, and where seignor Pedro may find some of his *English information necessary* for composing the spirits of himself and fellow prisoners, to enable them to go through the horrors of this day.'

This was a heavy blow, benumbing to all Victoria's faculties. Her feet alone seemed equal to their function. Unknowing what she did, and yet seeming to wish for an escape from the unfeeling Hero, she fled out of her chamber, and involuntarily stopped at Diego's, as if to seek comfort or refuge there. The door of it was open: eagerly she cast her eyes around the chamber in pursuit of succour, when the bed first awakened and rivetted her most animated attention. It was not only untenanted, but all the bedding gone, and the room totally deserted. She uttered a piercing shriek, and wildly articulated—'Diego! Where, where is Diego?'

'In another world,' unfeelingly replied Hero, who had closely followed her.

'Dead! Diego dead!' Victoria screamed in agonising grief and terror.

'But why does the devout, the pious lady Victoria express so much surprise and consternation at the decrees of Heaven?—Sooner or later we all must die, as the sanctified Alberti has often preached to her.'

Victoria's portion of misery seemed now completed, and she leaned against the door-case of Diego's vacant chamber, in silent, motionless despair.

'Come, come, don Manuel will become impatient at being so long deprived of a sight of his charmer,' said Hero, taking Victoria's hand; which she no sooner touched than that lovely persecuted being, shrinking from her grasp as she would from contamination's contact, hastily snatched her hand away, and, springing into action, precipitately and wildly darted down the staircase—and, to the astonishment of don Manuel and his companions, glided through the parlour into the library, and stationed herself at the door of Sebastian's apartment, where she vehemently knocked, and, in the sharp tones of reason chasing despair, fervently invoked 'her venerable friend's protection.' Don Manuel, concerned and amazed, followed her; and as he drew nearer to her, she, trembling with dismay, clung almost convulsed to the door-case.

'What! what means this distressing agitation, loveliest of beings?' said he in a soft insinuating voice: and he would have taken her hand, had not she, with all the cunning of approaching insanity, eluded his grasp and fled from him into the hall, where the ruthless Garcias soon overtook and caught the trembling fugitive.

'So,' cried the wretch sternly, as he seized her in his arms; 'you thought to be refractory, did you? But we have ways and means to exact obedience; and you shall learn to tremble at coercion, at the strait waistcoat, and other devices to bend your stubborn spirit.'

The shock which the voice and grasp of Garcias inflicted at once recalled Victoria's wandering reason, and tears of anguish burst from her eyes, and convulsive sobs almost rent

her agitated breast. In vain she struggled to get free, and supplicated for pity. Inexorable, he bore her to the door of Gonzalvo's apartment, where he wrung the dismal sounding bell; and our hapless heroine felt something approaching to a gleam of comfort in the idea of being near Hippolyto and her other friends, although in a dungeon.—Gonzalvo appeared.

'Lead to that cell,' said the savage Garcias, 'where we tortured our last refractory maniac to death.'

Gonzalvo preceded them to the dungeons; and opening one of the first they came to, Garcias bore his wretched victim into it, and placed her upon a truss of straw in one corner of the dreary cell.

Victoria had now no comfort left but in her reliance upon Heaven. She raised her hands and eyes, and devoutly, though silently, implored protection and fortitude from above. For a few moments Garcias observed her with ludicrous solemnity, and then, with a sneering laugh, entreated her not to keep so churlishly to herself all the good things she was saying—'Pray aloud for my edification,' cried the profligate, 'and I'll say Amen most piously.—Go on, go on, I beg you; for see the utility of praying. Your prison-doors are opening most evangelically, and a pretty little cherub coming in haste to fly away with you from the wicked.'

'Wretch!' exclaimed Victoria, starting from her bed of straw—her indignation at the profane insult offered to her Creator by this impious ribaldry giving renovated strength to her bodily as well as intellectual powers—'Wretch! leave me, instantly leave me! nor longer shock my ears by your daring blasphemy: and know, I had infinitely rather be the forlorn, insulted prisoner, brought by your cruelty hither for the inhuman joy of further torturing, than still to possess the blessing liberty with a heart like yours. Should it be the will of Heaven, my prison-doors will be opened in despite of you and your iniquitous associates. You have no dominion over me, but what is lent you by Providence for some wise purpose; and although the eyes of our Creator may have been long averted in horror from this castle, because you inhabit it, they will now turn, depend upon it, in pitying kindness at the supplicating voice of persecuted innocence.'

'Te, ti, te, to!—te, ti, te, tum!—a most alluringly lovely preacher, by San Jago! so alluring, that by heaven I must kiss away those seductive little Cupids that wanton in the ruby portals whence these divine tenets issue, ere one word of conviction can find its way into my apostate ears.'

Indignant purity darted its fire upon the libertine through the eyes of Victoria. His insolent threat was repelled by a single glance. He dared not to advance: but, with an affected laugh to hide his mortification, he said with a malicious sneer, that as they were not likely to convert each other, he would retire and send the renowned dottore Impazzato Delirio to try his skill; and then, with a diabolical look of triumph at the misery and terror he had awakened, the barbarian departed; and before Victoria had time to recover in any degree from the horror his depravity and insolence had inspired, she heard the bars of her prison undraw, and conte Vicenza entered alone.

'Well, my lord!' exclaimed she with that determined composure not the calm of apathy, but the firmness of a soul rising superior to the miseries which encompassed her—'Well, my lord! am I honoured with this visit for the purpose of your adding new insults to those I have already

received from you? Or do you only come to view the splendour and convenience of that apartment your kindness in expelling me from the protection of my aunt has forced me into?'

'Cruel and ungrateful Victoria!' replied the conte, apparently much surprised and disconcerted at the firm intrepidity of this address, 'is this my reception, after all the dangers and difficulties I have encountered and am involved in for your preservation? Unwearied were the pains, and innumerable were the toils, which I endured in tracing you hither. With a hope of releasing you from your horrid captivity, I, with a chosen few, adopted the daring and hazardous attempt of entering the forest which proved so fatal to you; and we have ventured our lives, our liberties, our happiness, and voluntarily surrendered ourselves to the dæmons of iniquity, to be brought in chains to this their infernal dwelling, for the sole purpose of liberating my Victoria, or to perish in the glorious attempt.'

'I have had such proofs,' returned our heroine with undaunted firmness, 'of conte Vicenza's intentions relative to the promotion and preservation of my happiness, that full well I know how to estimate those perilous achievements wilfully encountered for my advantage. But, my lord, if you have sufficient regard for me thus to hazard so much for my preservation, why did you seek my destruction by attempting to blast that purity which could alone constitute my tranquillity here and happiness hereafter? Oh! conte Vicenza, when you banished me from my aunt, my guardian, my natural protectors, you should have sentenced me to some Lethean clime, to learn forgetfulness of what is past, before you could hope to obtain my favourable opinion. Youth is, I know, the season for credulity; but sad experience has given me knowledge which my years denied me. Once I believed you so very amiable, that I loved you as my parent, and hard I thought would have been the task of making me alter my ideas of you. But when the black page of deliberate villany was opened by yourself to my astonished view, when I there saw the destruction of the innocent unsuspecting orphan whom your own roof sheltered,—the niece of your wife, committed to your care by a man whom you had ever (and with reason) called your friend—plainly and mercilessly marked out in unequivocal characters by you—I was painfully convinced that the tablet of your heart contained not one spotless page whereon virtue or honour could trace an impression. The bond of confidence was by yourself destroyed: and other proofs than your own assertions (and incontestable ones they must be) of your penitence must I have, before I can behold you without contempt and horror.'

Conte Vicenza, trembling and pale with rage and shame, vehemently articulated—'Unthankful infatuated girl! drive me not on to your destruction. Hither I came to save, to deliver you; but you disdain my kindness, are ungrateful for the perils I have run. Insult, scorn, deride me; but reflect, reflect before it is too late:—provoke not your own eternal misery and ruin. You know not what I have in my power.'

'You have me, alas!' replied Victoria; 'and too well have you taught me to fear you. But although fully aware of the helplessness of my forlorn situation, my heart will not submit to the debasement of veiling in dissembled courtesy the indignation my insulted purity has awakened. And do you, conte Vicenza, in your turn reflect, that not a sparrow falls unnumbered

*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*

*Garcias carrying Victoria to the dungeon of Gonzalvo.*

*Romance of the Pyrenees, Chap. XXI. p. 66.*

by Him who formed it; and shall the destruction of an unoffending human being be passed unheeded by? No, no, believe me. Then deliberate, reflect, before you draw divine vengeance upon you; for rest well assured, the destroyer of innocence and helplessness will some time meet the dreadful day of retribution.'

There was something so awfully impressive in the solemn but fascinating melody of Victoria's accents, in her interesting youthful innocence and beauty, while something like celestial fire animated her countenance, and illumined with rays scarcely mortal her ever-expressive eyes, that Polydore felt for a moment the power of virtue, when he saw her 'in her own shape how lovely!' But the influence proved only momentary.

'Well then,' said he sullenly, 'you despise my protection and succour, Victoria? You blindly urge your fate, and wilfully impel me on to abandon you to the mercy of the infernal wretches into whose hands your ruthless destiny has thrown you; miscreants who subsist on plunder, whose sanguinary souls delight in murder, and every crime disgraceful to humanity.'

'Well, my lord, I have no cause to fear death, although I have to place my confidence in you.'

'No, no, Victoria, do not believe death is the fate that here awaits you. No, no, no; a nobler doom will be yours.—Don Manuel—the just, the good, humane don Manuel—captivated by your heavenly beauty, means to make you his on terms which may not prove quite so congenial to your fastidious feelings.'

Victoria, shrinking with horror and the rankling pain of wounded delicacy, found it difficult still to preserve her firmness; but, after a pause, she calmly answered—

'Such, too, was the design of the just, the good, humane conte di Vicenza; and as he has preceded don Manuel in meditating my destruction, so does he precede him in my abhorrence: and know, my lord, let my fate in don Manuel's castle be as dreadful as vice can plan and cruelty perform, I prefer it, infinitely prefer it, to the dangers of your protection.'

'Fiends and furies!' exclaimed the conte in a paroxysm of rage and disappointment—'So then, so then, infatuated girl, it is your own choice to become the mistress of the miscreant Manuel!'

'Choice, conte Vicenza,' she indignantly replied, 'has been by you long banished from my society; and the unoffending daughter of the benefactor of your youth is by your means become a poor pliant machine, only to be actuated by the caprice of others.'

'Will you hear what I have to say, or not?' cried the conte, vehemently grasping her struggling hand.

'Even in that you see, my lord, choice is denied to me. If here you speak I must hear you: I have no place of retreat. This dungeon is not very spacious, and I am a prisoner in it.'

And now our persecuted heroine could scarcely command her feelings sufficiently to procure silence; while conte Vicenza again profaned her ears by a repetition of his debasing passion for her, glossed over with all the insidious sophistry his artful soul suggested.

'In a fatal moment,' said he, 'my ardent but ill-fated passion lulled propriety, and vanquished my struggling honour; and I had the unjustifiable temerity to shock your spotless purity by an avowal that has ever since overwhelmed me with shame and remorse. In the moment of resentment you complained to the duchessa; who, although she beheld me the most contrite of peni-

tents, affected still an alarm for your safety, and confined you to your own apartments. She was alarmed, but not by me, nor for your peace, Victoria. It was for herself she trembled.

'Be not too much shocked, my amiable, my spotless Victoria, at the depravity I am compelled, alas! to disclose of her you have been taught to estimate and reverence. Grieved am I to say, the duchessa is not that unexceptionable being she has appeared to your unsuspecting innocence; and her licentiousness has weaned my once ardent affection from her. Long did I behold even her faults through the veil of partiality; but at length your bright excellence appeared in contrast, and dissolved the charm. Partiality no longer deluded my senses; the mask dropped, I clearly saw, and despised.

'The comte de Montfort has been long the darling object of this abandoned woman's affections; but he was deaf to the syren while your superior attractions were in view. You therefore were confined; the pretence, my conduct. But the comte was importunate in his solicitations; for, being allowed to see you, and irritated by her inflexibility, he threatened to carry you off by stratagem. The jealousy that this threat awakened caused her sudden resolution of sending you into Spain—a project which she too fatally executed unknown to me. But how can I pourtray my phrensy and despair, when the cruel step she had taken was revealed to me! Almost frantic, I flew in pursuit of you; but vain my eager researches, until the only survivor of those who attended you in your fatal journey appeared before me, and related your calamitous fate. Wild with my dreadful apprehensions, I boldly formed a project for your rescue. I selected a chosen few to accompany me; and whilst I was engaged in preparations for my glorious enterprise, the weak de Montfort was caught in the duchessa's toils; and such proof was given to me of the culpability of her conduct, as to inspire a dear, a rapturous idea that I have fondly cherished.

'The duchessa's cruelty to you added hatred to my former disgust; and I rejoiced at her infamy in the flattering hope of honourably obtaining my adored Victoria.—Immediately, therefore, I had this contract drawn out,' and here the conte produced a parchment, 'which if you will now sign, promising to become my wife as soon as the tardy law will allow it, I will take you from this place of horrors, and convey you without delay to the convent where your Ursuline resides. I then will open the process for obtaining a divorce from the duchessa; and the moment that is gained, our union, my Victoria, shall take place.'

Victoria was inexpressibly agitated while Polydore was speaking; and although she felt additional horror and contempt for the depraved and ungrateful wretch who could rejoice at the infamy of a wife who had raised him from indigence to affluence, she forbore to express her feelings, and only said, while she viewed him with the steady eye of observation—

'By what miracle, conte Vicenza, did that attendant who alone escaped the massacre, since he did not accompany me hither, find out the means of directing you to the place of my captivity, so impenetrable as it has for ages been to all intruders?'

The conte hung his head, visibly disconcerted, and remained silent.

'Ah, conte,' said Victoria, 'you should have displayed a little more ingenuity in the formation of a tale intended for the ear of those not quite devoid of common sense.'

'My story,' replied Polydore, 'is

as perfect as truth can make it; and I only hesitated because I was grieved at your suspicions of my probity, compelling me to break a solemn promise. But I must sacrifice all my scruples to obtain credit with you, faithless as you are to every appearance of virtue in me. The surviving domestic could only guide me to the forest, from whence he saw you and your female attendants borne away. In the forest I could gain no intelligence. I therefore made every possible inquiry in the neighbourhood; and at Bascara Providence threw in my way a disaffected follower of this miscreant Manuel, who for a considerable bribe, and upon a solemn oath of secresy, led me to the place of my Victoria's confinement, planned the scheme for my captivity, and also for your deliverance.'

Although Victoria saw much improbability and inconsistency in the conte's narrative, she was not in sufficient health of mind to enter into any disquisition with him, and, contented in her incredulity, she made no reply. Polydore, construing her silence as propitious to his wishes, now artfully entreated her, with every specious argument his subtile imagination could supply him with, to sign the contract. He soothed, he flattered, implored, threatened—but in vain. Victoria's inflexibility seemed, if possible, each moment to increase; and in all the rage of mortification and disappointment he quitted the dungeon, telling Victoria he would give her twenty-four hours to consider well ere she sealed her own perdition: at the expiration of that interval he would return to know her final determination; when, should it prove auspicious to his wishes, he would then undeceive don Manuel, relative to her insanity, which he had alleged to gain uninterrupted access to her; and then, abandoned to the power of merciless villany, she would too late repent her ingratitude to him.

When conte Vicenza departed, Gonzalvo secured the door; and Victoria was uninterruptedly left to indulge feelings so miserable, that it was some time before such a trifle as a small crumpled bit of paper upon the ground arrested her attention. Its lying close to the spot where the conte had stood when he drew the contract from his pocket giving it consequence in her estimation, she hastily snatched it up; when she found it to be part of a torn letter, written in a hand totally unknown to her; and her own name meeting her eyes, she eagerly approached nearer to the dim light, and with increasing horror read—

'Scheme portends; such
Lady Victoria is in captiv
No pity for the horrors she
by terror, such as our
inevitably fall into the snare
chessa's wealth goes from you
Your prodigality and love of dissipa
Your victim has some property; as
the brother as you say, can be assassi
manage with secresy, and say he fell in bat
the perils of a soldier's life can cover
come in by law for the possessions of conte A
can send three, who may be depended on
not flinch at the sight of blood they spill
remit money without delay.'

The blood chilled in Victoria's veins, and every nerve was convulsed with horror. Tortures should not now force her to become the wife of conte Vicenza; and, consequently, she should be doomed to suffer, in her dreadful captivity, all the cruelties which merciless villany might inflict. The prospect was almost too shocking for human fortitude to look upon; and shrinking at miseries so unmerited, the question of 'Why should a life so (I hope) guiltless as mine has been call for such signal instances of divine displeasure as threaten me?' now suddenly thrilled

through her mind; and the answer, so replete with conviction of Heaven's beneficence, gleamed with such comfort to her heart, that she fondly cherished the hope of succour it inspired: and, in contemplating the mercy of Providence, she insensibly sunk upon her knees to implore its protection. She soon found the efficacious balm distilled from the influence of piety pouring its aromatics into her lacerated mind. But from this consoling intercourse was she at length disturbed by a sudden noise of chains violently clanking at some distance from her cell, which was immediately succeeded by a dreadful confusion of voices, and clashing of swords; which soon ceased, and left no sound upon the appalled ear but that of doleful cries and groans of anguish torturing to humanity. These too by degrees died away, and all was again silent as the grave.

Our heroine, conceiving the massacre of her friends had taken place, was soon relieved from the most acute agony her mind had ever experienced, by a total suspension of every faculty. Alike insensible of existence, or the woe her heart was full of, she continued for a length of time, until awakened from her death-like stupor by a rough shake from Garcias, who had entered unheard by her, accompanied by Juan. For a moment or two she could form no idea of who he could be, or of her own situation. All length recollection returned with all its horrors; and believing Garcias was come to terminate her existence, she quickly exclaimed—

'I am ready.'

'I dare say you are,' replied Garcias deridingly: 'as you have not broken your fast to-day, you must be ready for your supper, which Juan has brought you, and I am come to have the happiness of doing the honours of the table.'

Juan hastily laid a cloth, and spread some food upon the table, Garcias desired Victoria to eat; but her heart was so full of sorrow, that her appetite was gone, and she could not comply. Garcias now sternly commanded her, and she strove to obey, giving him looks of supplication for mercy so indicative of misery, that no heart but his own could have withstood them.

'Summon Lopez,' the savage at length roared out. Juan obeyed; and a man of a surly appearance and terrifying aspect immediately entered, bearing in his hand an instrument of an extraordinary shape, which our poor trembling heroine conjectured was for torture.

'Oh!' she exclaimed in the sweetest tones of plaintive entreaty, 'Oh, for mercy, kill me at once, and do not torture me!'

Garcias for some moments beheld with the most savage delight and exultation the terror he inspired her with, and then replied: 'Kill you! No, no; you are doomed to amuse us a little longer; and instead of killing you, I am humanely intent upon preserving your life by making you take nourishment; and that instrument, which so alarms you, is nothing more than what we use to compel refractory maniacs to take their food with. It will put you to no great torture: it will only break away those beauteous rows of pearl which now adorn those coral lips. Approach, Lopez, and perform your duty.'

As Lopez advanced, Victoria shrieking pushed the instrument from her. 'I will eat,' cried she in tones of terror and anguish, 'indeed I will, if you take that horrid implement away.'

Garcias ordered Lopez to retire; and now we find it totally impossible for our feeble pen to give an adequate idea of Victoria's sufferings, while she was barbarously compelled to swallow food her appetite recoiled

from and her senses sickened at, while her busy fancy presented her with the horrid image of poison in every mouthful. Tears gushed in torrents from her eyes, and a death-cold dew overspread her forehead, as she thus gratified the savage cruelty of the arch-fiend Garcias, who then poured out a glass of wine for her, which she eagerly drank to prevent herself from fainting. He then filled her another, which she took without opposition; but upon his handing her a third, she earnestly entreated him to excuse her compliance. But the monster was inexorable, and she was compelled to obey; and the moment she did so, Juan cleared the table, and with Garcias departed, leaving Victoria to those miseries they had increased.

Our persecuted heroine conceiving that poison had been mixed with the food she had been compelled to take, hastened to perform those duties her pious heart suggested, and then threw herself upon her wretched pallet, in dreadful expectation of the tortures the poison might inflict.

Silent as death was all around her. The lamp burnt dimly: and with nothing to disturb her but her thoughts, she, whether from fatigue of mind or from the unusual quantity of wine she had been forced to drink proving a soporific to her, soon fell into a profound slumber, which lasted several hours. But at length she started from it in a state of pitiable alarm, her whole frame shaking with excessive tremor, a cold dew overspreading her forehead, and that kind of awful horror hanging about her which often pervades the human faculties on awaking from a frightful dream; while she felt scarcely aware of any cause for her present sensations but her having fancied, as her slumber broke, that she heard a doleful cry of 'Murder!' near her.

Time was scarcely allowed her to collect her almost torpid senses, when she distinctly heard, pronounced in a hoarse and hollow voice, issuing from the most distant part of the dungeon, 'Prepare for death!'—This was a terrible blow to Victoria's courage, and superstition exerted its trembling influence in full dominion over her. She believed it to be a supernatural warning, and although expecting death, a herald proclaiming it in such an extraordinary way was more than the mental strength of eighteen could sustain.

Appalled with awful terror, and conceiving herself called upon to pay her debt to nature, she aimed at raising herself upon her knees, to breathe her last words in prayer; and while striving so to do, a noise assailed her ears like light footsteps in the dungeon. Wistfully she looked around her, yet nothing could she distinguish of what she sought. The lamp, almost expended, threw its feeble and expiring rays not two inches from the spot on which it stood. She listened in breathless agony, but all was again silent. Panting with apprehension, she strove to recal her fleeting courage, and made another effort to kneel; when at the moment she effected her purpose a figure glided majestically by her, but of what form the want of sufficient light and the excess of her fears allowed her not to ascertain; and as it passed she plainly saw it wave something mournfully, and in that instant the dying lamp suddenly expired, and all was total darkness.—Victoria clasped her hands, and prayed with fervour. The mysterious voice again assailed her ears, more hollow and discordant than before, proceeding from another part of the cell. 'Wretched victim!' it said, then paused. Victoria's knees smote each other. Again she heard it, but in a cadence of woe so soft, so pathetically low, so mournfully tremulous,

as if its power of voice was dissolved in pity.—' Expect no mercy!'—Again it paused; and then, as if in that short interval the feelings that actuated it had undergone a total revolution, it screamed out discordantly and frantically loud, 'Fiends! tortures! blood and murder! murder! murder!' Its articulation was now lost in a convulsive laugh, and Victoria fell upon her face almost deprived of senses.

*(To be continued.)*

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## *The* MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

*(Continued from p. 43).*

### THE CARRION CROW.

THIS well-known bird, the *corvus coronæ* of Linnæus, resembles the raven in its appetites and habits, but it is less bold and less docile, though, like the raven, it may be taught to articulate words. Crows will eat insects, worms, birds' eggs, fish, grain, fruits, every thing is suited to them; and they are extremely destructive to partridges and other birds by plundering their nests, from which they are said to carry the eggs to their young by breaking a small hole at one end, into which they introduce their bill. They will approach the shepherd or the husbandman with little fear, and even a kind of familiarity; but if they find him armed, they keep at a secure distance, and watch his motions so carefully, that they are but rarely shot. They are so cunning and cautious, that it is scarcely possible to decoy them into snares. They are sometimes caught, however, by imitating the screech of the owl, and placing lime twigs on the high branches of a tree; or drawn within gun-shot by fastening an eagle, owl, or some nocturnal bird, on a pole raised in some wide open place. They are also caught with cones of paper besmeared with bird-lime, and into which are put pieces of raw flesh. The crow, thrusting his head in to seize the bait, the paper cone sticks to his neck and covers his eyes. Unable to get rid of the incumbrance by which he is blinded, he flies upwards almost perpendicular to avoid striking against any thing, till, quite exhausted, he sinks down near the place where he rose. But the most singular method of catching crows, which besides will in some measure elucidate the nature of the bird, is thus described by Buffon.

'A carrion crow is fastened alive on its back firmly to the ground, by means of a brace on each side at the origin of the wings. In this painful posture the bird struggles and screams; the rest of his species, hearing his cries, flock to him from every side as if to afford relief. But the prisoner, grasping at every thing within reach to extricate him from his situation, seizes with his bill and claws, which are left at liberty, all who come near him, and thus delivers them into the hands of the bird-catcher, who runs to seize them.'

The female crow is known by her plumage, which shines with less lustre than that of the male. It is said that the carrion crows pair for life; and that when one dies the survivor continues faithful to its first attachment, and never forms another union. The attachment of these birds to their young is likewise remarkable: their care of them continues till they are completely able to provide for themselves. The female lays five or six eggs, and sits about three weeks, during which time the male supplies her with food.

Crows are said to be more com-

mon in England than in any other part of Europe. Buffon says, that they are not numerous in France, since two dozen of pairs can hardly be found in a forest of five or six miles in circuit, in the environs of Paris. They are scarce in the north of Europe: according to Klein, they are rare in Prussia; and must certainly be very seldom seen in Sweden, since Linnæus, in his enumeration of the birds of that country, does not mention them. They are found in the East Indies, and in New Holland and New Guinea. They are also in New Britain; and, according to some travellers, they are very common in Louisiana.

THE ROOK.

This bird, the *corvus frugilegus* of the Linnæan system, is of a size between the raven and the carrion crow, and has a deeper-toned cry than theirs. It is undoubtedly granivorous; for though it sometimes devours worms and insects, it is probable that it is only when it fails to meet with its proper food. The rooks, where they are numerous, commit great devastation among ripe corn, and in fields newly sown; they never prowl in the kennels, nor will they eat any kind of flesh.

These birds fly and feed in very numerous flocks: they also build their nests in society, which some writers have pretended is regulated by a complete system of jurisprudence. They seem, indeed, to have some idea of separate property. When a pair are employed in building their nest, one must stay near it to guard it, while the other goes in quest of materials: without this precaution, it is said, the nest would in an instant be demolished by the other rooks settled on the same tree, each carrying off a part to be applied to the completion of its own nest. Others, however, say, though probably with little foundation, that this must be done clandestinely; for if the pillager be detected in the fact, such depredations are severely punished: the delinquent is attacked by those who are invested with authority, by whom he is chastised according to the nature of his offence, and sometimes banished the commonwealth.

The rooks begin to build their nests, at least in England, in the month of March. They lay four or five eggs, not so large as those of the raven, but marked with broader spots. It is said that the male and female sit by turns. As soon as their young are able to shift, they leave the trees in which they made their nests, and do not return again till the month of August. Aldrovandus says, the herons take advantage of their absence to lay their eggs and hatch them in their nests.

In France rooks are birds of passage: they arrive about the end of harvest, and announce the approach of winter. In Silesia, on the contrary, they arrive in the spring, and are the forerunners of summer. Rookeries appear to be more common in Britain than in any other part of Europe. In Italy this species of birds seems to be entirely unknown.

THE HOODED CROW,

Called also the *Royston crow* (the *corvus cornix* of Linnæus), is distinguished by its colour from every other species of crow. The head, wings, and tail, are of a fine black, with a blueish cast in some positions. The breast, belly, back, and upper part of the neck, are of a greyish colour: so that it seems to have a hood or mantle, whence it has derived its name in most countries; the Italians calling it *monacchia* or the *nun*, and the French, *le corneille mantelée*, the mantled crow.

The hooded crow associates in

numerous flocks like the rook, and seems to be still more familiar with man; frequenting, in winter, the vicinity of farm-houses and other habitations. It is a bird of passage, arriving regularly about the end of autumn and departing in spring; but the place of its retreat is not known with certainty. Some have asserted, that it retires only to the mountainous and less frequented parts of the country: but as none of these birds are ever seen in this country during the summer, it is probable that they leave it entirely at the approach of that season. It appears, from Linnæus, that in Sweden they make their nests in the woods, especially among the alders, and lay commonly four eggs; but they are not known to settle in the mountains of Italy or Switzerland. The young, when first hatched, are fed chiefly with insects; afterwards they will eat almost any kind of food.

THE WOOD CROW FROM SWITZERLAND.

This bird is also called the *hermit crow*, being the *corvus eremita* of Linnæus. It is of the size of a hen: the plumage is black, with a fine tinge of green. The feathers on the top of the head are longer than the rest, and form a tuft, or kind of crest, which hangs backwards; but this tuft does not make its appearance till after the bird is full grown, and frequently the feathers that compose it fall off in old age, which causes the bird to appear bald, whence in some places it is called the bald crow.

These birds are migratory, arriving usually in the month of April, and departing in June, earlier than any other bird of passage. Their young are thought very delicate eating, and much valued and sought after by the luxurious. The old ones, therefore, make their nests on the highest rocks; yet still they are frequently robbed of their nestlings by bird-catchers, who suffer themselves to be let down by ropes from lofty overhanging cliffs, at the imminent hazard of their lives, to seize the infant brood in their recesses.

THE CORNISH CHOUGH,

Also called the *red-legged crow*, from the colour of the feet and legs, is the *corvus graculus* of Linnæus. His plumage is black, with tints of blue, green, and purple, which sparkle with peculiar lustre on this dark ground. He is finely shaped, and, though he may be tamed to a certain degree, is of an active, restless, and turbulent disposition. When domesticated, he is remarkable, like other birds of this kind, for his pilfering tricks; and will carry away money, glass, pieces of metal of all kinds, and every thing that glitters: he even carries so far his fondness for whatever is luminous and shining, that he has been known to carry pieces of burning wood from the chimney, and thus to become an incendiary as well as a thief.

In the wild state, the chough appears to be particular in the choice of his residence. He chooses old towers, or lofty and inaccessible rocks, though not indiscriminately; for, according to Edwards, he prefers the rocks on the west coast of England to those on the south or east. In Switzerland, too, and the neighbouring country, he frequents only certain parts. Nor does he seem to be equally attached to every bleak eminence, but to be directed in his choice by some particular circumstances, which have as yet escaped the notice of observers. The female lays four or five white eggs with spots of a dirty yellow.

According to Hasselquist, these birds, which in Europe are migratory, arrive in Egypt and spread through the country after the inundation of the Nile has subsided,

probably allured by the abundance of food afforded by the lands which the waters have so lately left to the influence of a tropical sun, for they feed on insects and seeds recently committed to the ground and beginning to vegetate.

Gerini, an Italian naturalist, mentions a chough with black feet and a black bill, which may be considered as a variety of the common species.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LESSON OF FRUGALITY; AN ANECDOTE.

ABOUT the middle of the last century a venerable old Dutch gentleman, who had passed through all the offices in one of the principal towns in Holland with honour and reputation, and had gained great riches without reproach, resolved to retire for the remainder of his days to his country-seat. In order to take leave of his friends and acquaintance in a handsome manner, he invited the young and the old of both sexes (persons of the first fashion in the place) to an entertainment at his own house. They assembled with great expectations; but, to their no small surprise, saw a long oak table, hardly covered with a scanty blue cloth, on which were alternately placed platters of butter milk, sour-crout, pickled herrings, and cheese. The rest of the cheer was made up with butter and rye-bread, and cans of small beer were at hand for those who chose to drink. Trenchers served instead of plates, and not a single servant attended. The company secretly cursed the old man's humour; but, on account of his great age, and still greater merit, they restrained their resentment, and appeared contented with their homely fare. The old gentleman, seeing the joke take, was unwilling to carry it too far; and at a signal given two clean country maids, in their rustic garb, cleared the table, and brought in the second course. The blue cloth was changed for white linen, the trenchers for pewter, the rye bread to household brown, the small beer into strong ale, and the mean food into good salted beef and boiled fish. The guests now grew better pleased, and the master of the feast more pressing in his invitations. After he had given them time to taste the second course, a third was served up by a *maître d'hôtel* in form, followed by half a dozen powdered servants in gaudy liveries. The most beautiful flowered damask was spread on a sumptuous mahogany table; the richest plate, and most curious china, adorned the side-board; whilst a profusion of soups, olios, tame and wild fowl, fricassees, ragouts, in a word, all that the art of a modern French cook could produce, ranged in a well-disposed judicious order, seemed to court the taste, and renew the appetite of the whole company. To this were added generous burgundy, sparkling champaign, in short, a choice of the best wines commerce can procure in a trading country; and, that nothing might be wanting that could please the senses, as soon as a sumptuous desert was brought in, a melodious concert of a variety of instruments of music was heard in the next room. Healths went round, mirth encreased, and the old gentleman, seeing that nothing but the departure of him and the gravest of the company was waited for to give a loose to joy and pleasure, rose up and thus addressed his guests:—

'Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the favour you have done me by honouring me with your company. It is time for one of my age to withdraw; but I hope those who are disposed for dancing will accept of a ball which I have ordered to be pre-

pared for you. Before the fiddles strike up, give me leave to make a short reflection on this entertainment, which otherwise might appear whimsical, and even foolish. It may serve to give you an idea of the source of our wealth and prosperity. By living after the penurious manner exhibited in the first course, our ancestors raised their infant state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power. These were preserved by our fathers, who lived in that handsome but plain way exemplified in the second course. But if an old man may be permitted, before he leaves you, whom he dearly loves, to speak his thoughts freely, I am really afraid that the profusion which you have witnessed in the last course will, if we continue it, deprive us of those advantages which our ancestors earned by the sweat of their brows, and which our fathers, by their industry and good management, have transmitted to us. Young people, I advise you to be merry this evening, but to think seriously to-morrow on the lesson I have given you to-day. Good night.'

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*To the* Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

HAVING lately met with the 'Ladies' Select Pocket Remembrancer,' for the present year, I could not without concern observe in it an attempt to prejudice the minds of its readers against the character and writings of the late Mrs. Woollstonecraft Godwin. It must indeed be confest, that neither her writings nor her conduct will admit of a complete vindication; but, conceiving that her reputation has been greatly injured, by the attacks of a wanton and ill-informed malevolence; and likewise that her works, if not perfectly unexceptionable, possess very considerable merit; I beg the insertion of a few remarks, in order to remove or diminish the odium with which her memory has unjustly been loaded.

And first, I would premise that no difference of opinion, either political or religious, ought to be considered as a just ground of censure. Whenever we undertake to investigate a subject, we cannot, with certainty, affirm what will be the result. Do we then wish to be indulged with the liberty of judging for ourselves in all questions of importance, let us by no means refuse that liberty to others.

Mrs. Godwin was not, perhaps, a consistent believer in the truth of Christianity. I say a *consistent believer*; because, though she probably entertained no doubt of our Saviour's divine mission, she does not appear to have received the scriptures as a complete rule of faith and practice. One or two instances of this remark are adduced in the publication above mentioned. Of those instances I shall take no further notice than just to observe that it is a circumstance to be regretted; because, in proportion as reverence for the scriptures is abated, the less likely they will be to regulate the conduct: and perhaps not every one who adopts Mrs. Godwin's sentiments may entertain the same regard for the unchangeable principles of morality.

Nothing can exhibit the character of this lady in a more advantageous light than the concern which she shewed for the welfare of her own relations, and the pains which she took to promote their interest, after the neglect and unkindness which she had experienced from them. For a detail of these circumstances, I must refer to the memoirs published by her husband. It may, however, be fairly questioned whether those

who are so forward to censure Mrs. Godwin would themselves have acted so noble and generous a part in her situation, and after experiencing similar treatment. And it may be safely affirmed, that such conduct would have done no discredit to the more distinguished Christian professor.

That Mrs. Godwin entertained just sentiments of the nature of virtue, of the duties incumbent on rational, immortal, and accountable beings, I shall endeavour to show, by extracts from her writings; and shall content myself with two citations from the most celebrated of all her publications, 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women.' The first passage, if I am not greatly mistaken, displays exalted ideas of virtue, and a mind of no ordinary cast.

'Love, such as the glowing pen of genius has traced, exists not on earth, or only exists in those exalted fervid imaginations that have sketched such dangerous pictures. Dangerous, because they not only afford a plausible excuse to the voluptuary who disguises sheer sensuality under a sentimental veil, but as they spread affectation, and take from the dignity of virtue. Virtue, as the very word imports, should have an appearance of seriousness, if not of austerity; and to endeavour to trick her out in the garb of pleasure, because the epithet has been used as another name for beauty, is to exalt her on a quicksand; a most insidious attempt to hasten her fall by apparent respect. Virtue and pleasure are not, in fact, so nearly allied in this life as some eloquent writers have laboured to prove. Pleasure prepares the fading wreath, and mixes the intoxicating cup: but the fruit which virtue gives is the recompence of toil: and gradually seen as it ripens, only affords calm satisfaction; nay, appearing to be the result of the natural tendency of things, is scarcely observed.' P. 160, 2d edit.

'We should endeavour to view ourselves as we suppose that Being views us who seeth each thought ripen into action, and whose judgment never swerves from the eternal rule of right.' P. 308.

I may next be permitted to quote a short passage from a professed admirer of Mrs. Godwin, to whom it immediately refers.

'More genuine benevolence, more enlarged philanthropy, more solicitude for the interests of her fellow creatures, and more deference to the dictates of duty, as far as she could make a clear discovery of them, never warmed a human breast*.'

These passages are brought forward as an antidote to that prejudice which has probably been excited in the minds of many readers against a meritorious character. They have seen extracts artfully selected from her publications, and so commented on as in several instances to make them convey ideas which the writer never intended, and which could not have been suggested by a candid perusal of her works. But what reason can be assigned why Mrs. Godwin should be condemned unheard? Why may not her life and writings be permitted to speak for themselves? Why must the minds of readers be so previously biassed as to reject without examination every argument in her favour? Who can have a right to condemn her failings with merciless severity but those who are both infallible in their judgments and irreproachable in their conduct; who hav-

* See 'A Defence of the Character and Conduct of the late Mary Woollstonecraft Godwin, founded on Principles of Nature and Reason, and applied to the peculiar Circumstances of her Case, in a Series of Letters to a Lady.' Wallis, Paternoster-row. This book is said to have been written by a Clergyman.

ing impartially investigated her sentiments, and known by experience her trials, have notwithstanding avoided her errors? If such there be, let them reproach her memory without restraint, and without compassion.

It will doubtless be alleged, that a desire to preserve youthful minds from the contamination of her principles is the sole motive for exposing her mistakes and her faults. But surely, if this be so necessary an undertaking, it might be effected without calumny and misrepresentation. Cannot the dangerous tendency of a principle and the impropriety of an action be illustrated without unjustly aspersing the memory of one who, whatever might be her defects, wished for nothing so ardently as to witness the increasing amelioration, virtue, and happiness of her species?

The writer who has collected the extracts above referred to from the works of Mrs. Godwin frequently alludes to the connexions into which she entered with Messrs. Imlay and Godwin; though she was afterwards legally united to the latter. This part of her conduct I would by no means attempt to defend. On the contrary, I think it is to be deeply regretted. But it may be observed in her favour that she esteemed her engagements with the first of them equally sacred as though they had been ratified at the altar. She adhered to them with inviolable fidelity; and, when she could scarcely hope to recover the heart of her faithless paramour, she undertook a dangerous journey into a northern climate, to settle some of his affairs. When, after this important service and her subsequent endeavours to regain his affections, she found herself totally deserted, she formed a similar connexion with another. If this conduct be indefensible, can it be too much to affirm, that it discovers no symptom of a depraved heart!

This severe censor of Mrs. Godwin professes his 'concern and surprise that there are still advocates hardy enough to defend her principles and character; and having some time since endeavoured to select such passages of her works as appeared to characterize the mind and feelings of their author, he now submits them, with occasional remarks, to the serious attention of the British Fair.' But is it at all candid, is it just, to select every exceptionable passage from her writings, and every unjustifiable part of her conduct (though she might view both in a different light), and represent them as a just delineation of her 'principles and character;' while whatever is calculated to excite our esteem and admiration is carefully concealed? Is this a suitable method to check the progress of her principles? Those who have leisure to peruse her works with attention, and who possess judgment to discriminate, it is presumed will find no reason to regret such an employment of their time. Numerous passages besides those already adduced, might be extracted, which are entitled to our warmest approbation. But I conceive it much better to refer to her publications, and leave readers to judge for themselves. After what has been said, I shall not have occasion to notice many of the citations made by this writer. Those which appear in some measure inconsistent with a due regard for the scriptures, and those which relate to her improper connexions, it may easily be supposed that I shall pass over in silence: and there is little besides that requires consideration.

'I must fly from thought, and find refuge from sorrow in a strong imagination—the only solace for a feeling heart.'—'My heart flutters. Fool! it is time thou wert at rest.' These two sentences are taken from different parts of Mrs. Godwin's Tra-

vels into Norway, &c. and it is concluded that, ' the reader cannot mistake this *recourse to suicide*.' If any reader can find a ' recourse to suicide' in either of these sentences, it must be because he is pre-determined to find it, whether the words be capable of such a construction or not. If she could find refuge from sorrow in a ' strong imagination,' what need could there be of having ' recourse to suicide?' And surely it was at least *possible* for an oppressed heart to be at rest without totally ceasing to beat. So far, therefore, from deducing this inference from what is here said, I feel confident that she at that time entertained no such idea: and I appeal to any reader of ordinary candour whether or not he perceives it in her expressions. It is true that she afterwards made such an attempt; and this circumstance has given her adversaries an occasion of defamation. But is it not both inhuman and unchristian to judge with unrelenting severity a fellow creature whose extreme sufferings have induced her to commit an act at which humanity revolts? Have not such rigid censors reason to tremble at our Saviour's denunciation, ' With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged?'

' If contentment be all we can attain, it is perhaps best secured by ignorance.' This sentiment I shall not undertake to defend. But in what manner is it animadverted on by our author? ' Most admirable this, from the champion of *petticoat philosophy!*' This will doubtless be acknowledged as an ' admirable' compliment to the ladies. We must recollect that it is a remark, among others equally significant, ' submitted to the *serious attention* of the *British fair!*'

Having already occupied so much of the ' Ladies Magazine,' I am unwilling to trespass on the patience of my fair readers longer than is absolutely necessary. I must therefore pass over several remarks of which it would be easy to show the futility, and shall only notice those which seem most worthy of attention.

' The most vigorous and hottest constitution always prevails, and produces its kind.' Here the writer observes that ' Mary in both her acknowledged cohabitations, that is with Messrs. Imlay and Godwin, produced girls.' I certainly should not have thought this remark worthy of notice, but on turning to the ' Rights of Women,' page 153 (I can only refer to the second edition), I find it is not Mrs. Godwin's own observation, but given by her from Dr. Forster's account of the isles in the South-sea. This may serve as a specimen of the candour with which she has been treated.

' I am more and more convinced that the same energy of character which renders a man a daring villain would have rendered him useful to society, had that society been well organized.' ' The discovery here announced,' we are told, ' is, that one man is no more virtuous than another; and that all vicious men would be good men, if all good men were not in some degree vicious.' I perceive no intimation of any such ' discovery,' in the words of Mrs. Godwin. The very terms which she uses are inconsistent with the idea that all mankind are equally virtuous or vicious. She could not think the term ' daring villain' applicable to all men without exception. As to the manner in which characters are formed, *that* is a distinct consideration. No individual, however virtuous or religious, can say that he might not have been of a disposition totally opposite had he not been trained up to the practice of his duty, but left in

his youth to idle and dissolute companions, exposed to all the temptations incident to such a state before he was aware of his danger. What habits might he not then have contracted?

After this unfair treatment of a lady who had few equals in talents, or superiors in virtue, the author proceeds to animadvert on the closing scene of her life. 'Not one word of a religious cast fell from her lips.' But Mrs. Godwin's views of the divine perfections were too just to imagine that she should meet with any other reception from her Creator than what her previous character and conduct entitled her to expect. She knew that in order to future felicity certain qualifications are indispensably requisite, which it is too late to attain on a dying bed. She knew that she had always entertained a profound reverence for the Deity, and assiduously laboured to promote the welfare of her fellow-creatures: she could not therefore apprehend that her involuntary errors or failings would be rigidly canvassed. She had no idea that the performance of any religious ceremony at such a time could in the least contribute to her future happiness. Her religion was rather internal than pompous and ceremonious. There is therefore no reason to conclude, from her silence on the subject in that awful crisis, that she had abandoned the hope of a happy immortality.

As to the adoption or the rejection of Mrs. Godwin's principles, it ought to be left to the judgment of those who candidly investigate them. They certainly have no claim, nor were they ever intended, to be implicitly received; neither is it reasonable that they should be condemned without examination. They are proposed to the understandings of intelligent beings. There is much to be applauded both in the conduct and writings of this celebrated female; and doubtless there are some things to be shunned. Her intellectual endowments were of a very superior cast; but she appears by no means to have been free from that pride of understanding to which eminent abilities are so exceedingly liable. Her feelings were extremely acute, and her passions uncontrollable, even by her own powerful reason. To this cause it was owing, that, while her exertions in favour of her friends were unbounded, she was hurried into excesses ever to be lamented. But it is not for cold and unfeeling hearts to arraign *her* at *their* tribunal. *They* can have no conception of what she endured, and therefore cannot be qualified to pronounce sentence against her. She has gone to appear before an unerring judge, and it is of little consequence to her whether mortals censure or commend.

Yet it ill becomes those who possess the means of information to cherish and propagate groundless prejudices against a character so distinguished, and a writer so deservedly renowned. Let her life and writings be considered with attention, and with favourable allowances for her circumstances, before she is condemned. She will perhaps never be without admirers while the English language continues to be read. With another citation from one of those admirers I shall conclude this epistle, requesting pardon for the length to which it has been extended.

'It is my unequivocal opinion that (considering the circumstances of her youth, the difficulties of her more advanced years, and the highly ungenerous treatment which she latterly experienced) in loftiness of spirit, decisiveness of character, clearness of intellect, purity of intention,

and benevolence of heart, the great luminary of heaven never yet shed his beams on a human creature superior to Mary Woollstonecraft Godwin.'

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

R. ALLCHIN.

*Maidstone, Feb. 2d,* 1805.

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## THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

*(From the Memoirs of Marmontel.)*

'I HAD been a long time engaged in a dispute with mademoiselle Clairon on the manner of declaiming tragic verse. Advice different from mine prevailed, and, unwilling to become troublesome and give offence, I said no more; when, some time afterwards, I unexpectedly found the actress had, on a sudden, adopted my opinion. She was preparing to play Roxana at the little theatre at Versailles. I went to see her at her toilette, and for the first time found her dressed as a sultana, without a hoop, with her arms half bare, and in the true oriental costûme. I complimented her on the improvement of her taste. "You will now be satisfied with me," said she; "I lately made an excursion to Bourdeaux, where, in a small theatre, I resolved to make the experiment of that simple kind of declamation which you have so often recommended. I had the greatest success, and I will now try it at this little theatre. Come and hear me." The event exceeded her expectation and mine. She was no longer the actress; she was Roxana herself. The illusion, astonishment, and rapture, were extreme. I saw her after her performance, and attempted to congratulate her on her success. "Do you not see," said she, "that you have ruined me? I must now dress naturally in all my parts. Propriety of declamation must accompany that of dress. All my rich theatrical wardrobe is become worth nothing; I lose, by this depreciation of its value, ten thousand crowns."

'In Electra, instead of a ridiculous hoop, and the ample mourning robe in which she had been used to act, she appeared in the simple dress of a slave, with dishevelled hair, and her arms confined with long chains.

'From that time all the actors were obliged to give up their long flowing perukes, their hats with feathers, their fringed gloves, and all that fantastic apparatus which so long had disgusted every person of taste. Le Kain himself followed the example of mademoiselle Clairon.'

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THE

## MONKS AND THE ROBBERS;

A TALE.

*(Continued from Vol. XXXV. p. 649.)*

VERRUCI started with astonishment at first sight of this unexpected visitor, and could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He was much altered, too, since he had last seen him,—was pale, thin, and appeared much fatigued. The count, however, when recovered from his surprise, welcomed him with the utmost cordiality; and congratulating him on his escape, spoke of the concern and surprise his sudden disappearance had occasioned him, and the unsuccessful endeavours he had made to discover by what way it was effected. Rudolpho soon unravelled that mystery, and proceeded to mention other matters which had befallen

him since his separation from the count. 'My foot slipt,' continued he, speaking of Sanguigno and Gasparo darting on him from behind the angle of the rock (as mentioned in a preceding chapter), 'and I well remember rolling down the rugged precipice into a chasm of considerable depth; but my senses forsook me ere I reached the bottom. How long I might lie in that insensible condition I know not; but when again I recovered the exercise of my faculties, I found myself on a couch, in a small and low-browed cavern which was lighted by a lamp: and a man of a tall and robust figure, clad in mean and coarse attire, bending over me and watching my recovery with much solicitude in his aspect. Perceiving my recollection returned, he bade me not be under any alarm; and gave me many assurances that I had fallen into good hands, and might depend upon his rendering me every good office in his power. I soon found he promised no more than he intended to perform. He attended me with the most unremitting assiduity, and sought by every means in his power to accelerate my recovery from the dangerous state in which I then was. The weapon of one of the ruffians pierced my shoulder as I fell; I had received several severe contusions in rolling down the craggy precipice, and, had not the bushes that grew on its sides broken the force of my fall, I perhaps should not have escaped with life. The care, however, and attention of my preserver soon prevented every dangerous symptom; yet it was many days ere I could rise from my couch, and still longer before I could traverse the cavern. In the mean while, the appearance and behaviour of my host considerably interested my attention. He appeared rather advanced in years, but seemed still of great bodily strength. His countenance was dark and severe, and there was a remarkable degree of solemnity to be observed in every thing he said or did. He never smiled; but was always gloomy, thoughtful, and silent. In his deportment was visible an air of dignity, which the coarseness of his apparel could not hide; in his looks a piercing expression, and in his converse a something which commanded respect, and induced me to think he had formerly been a man of some rank in life. But whatever might have been his former situation, his present one I began to suspect was not of the most honourable kind. His martial appearance; his leaving me often for hours together, frequently in the day-time, but always at night; his residing among rocks and caverns, far removed from human intercourse, and in the midst of a dreary forest; were circumstances that awakened a suspicion of this man's occupation, and it was not long before I made a discovery which at once confirmed that suspicion. A few nights ago, when I had in a great measure recovered my strength, I was roused, a short time after my host had left me, by a faint noise of men speaking from without. Surprised at the unusual sound, I arose, and, advancing into the mouth of the cave, beheld, by the lamp which one of them carried, two men, standing a few paces from me, cautiously surveying the lofty and inaccessible rocks which entirely environed the small space before the cave I inhabited. They were in discourse together when I first saw them; but before I could make out the subject, they were retreating by a narrow opening among the rocks, and were soon out of my sight and hearing. The ferocious looks and armed appearance of these men gave me no favourable opinion of them; and I felt strongly tempted to follow, and watch their proceedings. My host, as I regained my strength,

allowed me, for the benefit of the open air, to traverse the small space before the cave's mouth; but gave me to understand, that my life would be endangered if ever I ventured beyond the opening at the end of it. Though unable to account by any possible conjecture for this prohibition, I had hitherto obeyed it; but in my desire to observe these men I forgot his injunction, and passed, before I was aware, the limits he had prescribed, and found myself among some ruins which were shewn by the light of the moon, and seemed to me the remains of some very large monastery. The chapel part of the cloisters, and many of the arches leading to them, were still standing in the midst of piles of stones and rubbish, but all exhibiting strong marks of decay.'

The count remembered the ruins he had seen on the night he encountered the phantom, and it struck him that those Rudolpho spoke of were the same. He forbore, however, to interrupt the recital.

'The two men proceeding but slowly,' continued he, 'and frequently stopping to reconnoitre, it was not long before I had them again in view; and, as I looked after them towards the darkest part of the ruins, I saw, at some distance, a stream of light issue from a darkened wall, and the shadow of a man glide along by it and disappear. The two men saw it as well as myself, and they directly stopped. I heard them whisper each other in a tone of alarm, and presently after I found they were returning with all speed. Fearful of detection, I ran before them; but finding they gained upon me, I concealed myself in a small cleft in the rock, and by that means escaped discovery. As they passed my hiding-place, I heard one say to the other—"He had like to have caught us; but though it won't do this bout, come what may we'll try it again to-morrow night." While I stood in the cleft, watching the two men as they passed among the rocks, a murmuring of voices, which seemed to proceed from some distance within, struck upon my hearing. I looked, and perceiving a feeble light issuing from the bottom of the cleft, endeavoured to make my way to it: but the passage, which was of some length, narrowed as I advanced, and would scarcely admit me on hands and knees. At length, however, I reached it, and found it a small chasm in the side towards the top of a lofty and extensive cavern. It was lighted throughout by several lamps suspended from the roof. Immediately beneath the chasm, piles of baggage and merchandize of different descriptions lay upon the ground, and against the sides of the place hung various pieces of armour and many warlike weapons. In the middle stood a table covered with cups and flaggons, round which, in noisy carousal, sat some twelve or fourteen of the most ferocious-looking fellows I ever beheld. Their garb and armed appearance proclaimed them banditti: and if any doubt could be entertained on the subject, the sight of the place and the subject of their discourse would sufficiently confirm it. Others of the banditti at this moment were entering from the further end of the cave; and among these, as they advanced, I distinguished the two whom I had followed. They seated themselves with the others at a table, and circulating the wine with wonderous dispatch, they made the vaulted roof ring with boisterous merriment. But, in the midst of their joviality, a loud shrill whistle was heard from without, and in an instant stopped the clamour. I found by what they said, that that whistle announced the entrance of their chief, and immediately after he appeared at the lower end of the cavern. His figure, tall and commanding, attracted my attention, and looking earnestly at him, I recognised my preserver;

though, from my suspicions, in a great measure expectant of this, I could scarcely persuade myself that the man to whose humanity I owed my life could really be the associate and the chief of robbers and assassins. I looked again, but it was indeed him. I saw him seat himself at the upper end of the table, and my curiosity being gratified, and the couchant posture in which, from the smallness of the place, I was obliged to remain, becoming irksome, I withdrew from the scene. On the next night, resolved to watch the re-appearance of the two robbers, and to discover their intent, I posted myself, when my host left me, as usual, at the end of the narrow opening where I had discovered them the preceding night. After waiting a considerable time I saw one of the men advancing along the same track as before—I expected to see the other behind, but I found he was alone. He went forward among the ruins, seeking, as before, the darkest parts; and I stole softly after him. By the light of the moon, which then, as on the night before, shone in its full splendour, I saw him enter the ruined chapel, and, cautiously as the rubbish that covered its pavement admitted, proceed across it. I crept after him into the chapel; and from behind one of the pillars that still stood erect, saw him by the moon-light, which, piercing through the large chasm of its roof and sides, illuminated almost every part of the building, pass a breach in the wall and suddenly stop. A ray of light streamed just past him, and he stood as if listening; while I, hearing a faint murmuring of voices beyond, endeavoured to get nearer to observe what was passing: but in so doing had well nigh been discovered; for, suddenly, the man I followed rushed from his post back into the chapel, hastily pursued by another, in whom, as they rushed by me, I thought I recognised my preserver. They passed close to my hiding-place, and were out of sight in a moment. Scarcely were they gone when I thought I observed a something move beneath the broken wall from whence they came, and, looking again, I distinctly behold a tall majestic figure glide into the chapel. At this sight I felt a degree of awe, which I could not wholly repress, steal over me; and the time and place contributed to increase it. The figure passed close to the pillar behind which I stood; the moon-beams struck upon its pallid aspect, and, to my inexpressible astonishment and terror, I beheld the individual features of Manfredi! I started back; and the phantom was hastily gliding away again, when, recovering from my first emotion, I rushed forward, with an intention of speaking to it, but my words fell from my lips in inarticulate accents. The figure turned its head, started, and advancing close to me, pronounced my name in the well-known voice of Manfredi. But I could not answer it.—I saw the vision smile—I heard it call upon me—and I felt it grasp my hand.'

*(To be continued.)*

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ANECDOTE.

DURING the representation of a new piece at the French opera-house, a quarrel chanced to arise between the pages of the king and those of some of the princes of the blood. One of them, a youth of about ten or twelve years of age, was knocked out of the box in which they were, and fell into the pit, carrying with him the peruke of a grave gentleman who happened to sit near him.—'My good little fellow,' said the gentleman, 'I wish, when you fall, you would take care what you do.'—'I ask your pardon, sir,' said the page, as soon as he got to the bottom, 'I do assure you I did not do it on purpose.'

# THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY.

(*Continued from p. 46.*)

## ACT I.

### SCENE IV.

DESROCHES; DELILLE; RIFLARD, *in a sportsman's dress.*

*Riflard.* James, you may take Rover home. I shall shoot no more to-day.

*Delille.* Sir, may I take the liberty—

*Riflard.* (*with an affected air*) A thousand pardons; I had not the advantage of perceiving you at first. Will you do me the honour to inform me in what manner I can serve you?

*Desroches.* Will you be so good as to tell us which is the shortest way to the town we see before us yonder?

*Riflard.* My residence, gentlemen, is in that town; and if you will permit me I shall have the honour to conduct you to it.

*Desroches.* (*to Delille*) This obliging gentleman gives us a very favourable idea of the politeness of this part of the country.

*Delille.* Mingled with a little of the ridiculous—a little affectation.

*Desroches.* Well, if he has real good qualities we must not quarrel with him for a little harmless absurdity.

*Riflard.* Do you propose, gentlemen, to make any long stay in our town?

*Delille.* No; I think not.

*Desroches.* We do not yet know.

*Riflard.* I am sorry for it: though I have not the advantage of your acquaintance, I should have done myself a pleasure in shewing you the curiosities of the place; for I do assure you our town is not deficient in them. Before the invention of cannon it was a fortified city, as appears by the ramparts, remains of which are still to be seen. It sustained a siege under the reign of Clovis, in which fifty thousand of the inhabitants lost their lives.

*Delille.* I thought it had never contained above five or six thousand at the utmost.

*Riflard.* Very true—very true—but the chronicles of the times—The lower town is ancient, old-fashioned, and ill-built. There is a part of the principal street where two persons can hardly walk abreast; but the new quarter is an immensely fine specimen of modern building.

*Desroches.* I perceive yours is a charming town.

*Riflard.* Very agreeable, at least. We have picturesque promenades, a superb mall, exquisite fish in the neighbouring streamlets, the wines of our vintage not inferior to those of Burgundy, two fairs in the year, most select society, and a subscription theatre established for benevolent purposes, where our amusement becomes an act of charity.

*Delille.* I perceive we are speaking to one of the principal inhabitants.

*Riflard.* I act a certain part, to be sure. You may have heard speak of Francis Riflard: though I have there only a foot of land, as I may say; because I generally reside at my seat, which is exquisitely situate, particularly for the sports of hunting and shooting, of

which I am immensely fond. It has its turrets, its battlements, and a drawbridge which I have preserved from respect to the memory of my ancestors: not that I am devoted to all the chimeras and prejudices of *noblesse* and *feudality*, of which I rejoice with the philosophers that we are now disembarrassed; but it is not disagreeable for one to recollect, and to remind others, that one has had an ancestor who was killed in the first croisade.

*Delille.* Indeed! You had an ancestor—

*Riflard.* Rodolphus Riflard, aid-de-camp to Baldwin count of Toulouse: he is mentioned in the Jerusalem Delivered.

*Delille.* Why your town is quite a little Paris.

*Riflard.* Exactly so. We have a masked ball for the winter, a *ball-champêtre* for the summer; a confectioner who will furnish you with ices in perfection—provided you order them a week beforehand. Our young men are gallant and brave, and are able to thrust and parry with the most expert masters of fencing in the regiments that pass this way. I myself, too, am pretty well acquainted with the use of the foil. Our women are virtuous, and faithful to their husbands or their lovers. With respect to literature, we have a journalist, a printer, and two authors, without reckoning amateurs who make charades, logogriphs, and bouquets. But I ask your pardon for taking up your time with a recital of these trivialities. I might have fixed myself in Paris; but I do not love Paris.

*Desroches.* You do not love Paris! Oh, you are very much in the right.

*Riflard.* All noise and tumult, scandal, dissoluteness, and general subversion of morals! Oh give me the country! *(looking through his glass down the stage).* But excuse me—If I am not mistaken, there is the cabriolet of madame de Senneville!

*Desroches.* How! Madame de Senneville! Does she reside in this vicinity?

*Delille.* What! do you know her?

*Riflard.* Do you know her?

*Desroches.* She is a fine woman.

*Riflard.* She is one of the finest women in this part of the country; and we do not want for them, I do assure you.

*Desroches.* I have had the pleasure of seeing her at Paris, when she was there with her uncle.

*Riflard.* What that asthmatic old fellow who is always engaged in building?

*Desroches.* She probably would not recollect me.

*Riflard.* She is a charming woman, of the most refined sensibility, and, between ourselves, feels some degree of interest in favour of your humble servant. There were a thousand rivals, but the moment I appeared they were all eclipsed. I will present her to you. I shall return in an instant; so without ceremony, gentlemen— [*Exit.*

### Scene V.

Desroches, Delille.

*Desroches.* Well! I have already found a person of information; and a woman truly amiable. Here we have a pure air, a bright sky, simple and virtuous manners. These good people cannot be artful, interested, and knavish. Every one, contented with the fortune of his father, is a stranger to ambition or avarice.

*Delille.* O, certainly! The inn-keeper here is never guilty of extortion on the traveller; the dealer sells conscientiously; the physician cures his patients without delay; the law-

yer labours incessantly to reconcile his clients: it is quite a privileged place.

*Desroches.* Oh, you may laugh at me as much as you please: but I would venture to wager—Here is Dubois; what does he want?

### Scene VI.

Desroches, Delille, Dubois.

*Desroches.* Well, what say you?

*Dubois.* You will be very angry, sir, I am sure; but indeed it is not my fault.

*Desroches.* Why, what is the matter?

*Dubois.* The smith tells me that your chaise will not be ready till this time to-morrow.

*Desroches.* Not till this time to-morrow!

*Dubois.* These people, sir, think of nothing but what they can get; and I am very sure that, if you would promise to pay them something extra, they would have your chaise ready a great deal sooner. I am very much concerned that you should be so delayed.

*Desroches.* No, no; you need not be so much concerned: do not let them hurry themselves. I shall be extremely pleased to pass twenty-four hours here.

*Dubois.* You seemed at first, sir, very angry at being detained.

*Delille.* And he would now be as angry if he were forced to continue his journey. You have lived long enough with Mr. Desroches not to be surprised at these little changes.

*Dubois.* Very true, sir; but so much the better: for we shall now have time to put the chaise into complete repair. [*Exit.*

### Scene VII.

Desroches, Delille.

*Desroches.* Perhaps, Delille, this delay may be disagreeable to you?

*Delille.* To me! Oh, no. Nothing is disagreeable to me.

*Desroches.* You see, however, that it is merely necessity—

*Delille.* Oh! no doubt.

*Desroches.* But here comes our new acquaintance, with his conquest. Faith! she is far from being disagreeable.

### Scene VIII.

Desroches, Delille, Riflard, *Madame* Senneville.

*Madame Senneville (turning towards the side-scene.)* I must intreat you, Bastien, not to go too fast as you go down the hill. Do not fatigue the poor beast: it is a good creature. Bless me, how hot it is! I am almost overpowered; quite tired and jaded.

*Riflard.* May I ask where you have been, fair lady?

*Madame Senneville.* At Mr. Rigaud's: he has been keeping his vintage.

*Riflard (somewhat piqued.)* What you visit Mr. Rigaud, do you?

*Madame Senneville.* Come, you must not be jealous. We had some very excellent company. We played at loo at a penny a fish. I should not have returned to town so soon, only this is my day for seeing company.

*Riflard.* These, madam, are the two gentlemen whose manners and conversation I did myself the honour deservedly to commend to you, just now.

*Desroches.* Madame Senneville, perhaps, does not recollect me.

*Madame Senneville.* Pardon me; I think I recollect—

*Desroches.* When you was at Paris, at my uncle's, who is of the same name with myself, Desroches!—

*Madame Senneville.* What are you the young nephew of Mr. Desroches? Yes, now I recollect you perfectly. How does your good uncle do?

He is a very excellent man. I am delighted to see you in our part of the country. Does this gentleman too come from Paris?

*Desroches.* Yes, madam.

*Madame Senneville.* And what is there new in Paris?

*Delille.* Nothing, madam, nothing. People go to the exchange or to the theatres; every one, as his business or pleasure leads him. Those who think they have wit, laugh at those they suppose to be fools; more than one fool makes his fortune; more than one knave passes for an honest man, and more than one impostor for a man of merit. Every thing is the same: it is there as it is every where else.

*Madame Senneville.* Do they still wear scarlet shawls, jonquil ribands, amaranth tunics? are the fichus crossed like an X or a Y? do the ladies wear their own hair or perukes?

*Delille.* Why, I cannot say that I have attended so much to these particulars as they may deserve.

*Madame Senneville.* My milliner, I must tell you, is very negligent: she sometimes does not send me a new fashion till three months after it has come out, and that is very provoking; for when one makes it a point to be well dressed—

*Riflard.* Yes, Madame Senneville, I do assure you, gives the *ton* to the whole town with respect to dress and taste.

*Madame Senneville* (*affectedly.*) You must not say so, Riflard—Oh! Paris is a delightful place; I have been there three times in my life, and staid a fortnight each time. Mr. Senneville was then living, I was exquisitely entertained, and my journeys were of great advantage to me.

*Desroches.* That is very apparent, madam.

*Madame Senneville (with affectation.)* Do you think so?

*Desroches.* Yes, indeed, it is visible in your manner, your conversation, your whole air.

*Madame Senneville.* But, to confess the truth, I should not love to reside there constantly; for the country—to a heart of sensibility—Oh! the country!—There the beauties of nature, clad in smiles, inspire us with the mildest and purest sentiments.—The verdant meads, the melodious birds, the refreshing shades, and simple and rustic manners, must impress every heart—Oh! the country has so many charms!—I hope you will do me the honour to frequent my house during the stay you make in our town. I live with an aged and respectable uncle, to whom I cannot shew too much attention, since to him I am indebted for my education and all that I am.

*Riflard.* In delicate sensibility no person can exceed madame Senneville.

*Madame Senneville.* I shall retain you for to-day. There will be a great deal of company at my house this evening. You are no doubt acquainted with several persons here.

*Desroches.* I have a letter for madame Guibert; do you know her?

*Madame Senneville.* She is one of my most intimate friends; a most charming woman! She has a celestial daughter, an excellent musician, whom her mother would be very glad to see well settled. She has indeed had a few adventures, but they are all forgotten; for she is of a very good disposition, though no great genius, unless we believe her own account of herself. I love her with all my heart. You will do me a very sensible pleasure if you will come and dine with me to-morrow, and I will to-day invite madame Guibert and her daughter.

*Delille.* To-morrow, madam, we must continue our journey.

*Madame Senneville.* So soon!

*Desroches* (*aside to Delille.*)

Hold your tongue. (*Aloud*) The invitation with which you honour us is a motive sufficiently powerful.—

*Madame Senneville.* You will be of the party, Mr. Riflard?

*Riflard.* Permit me to offer you the fruits of my morning's sport—a brace of very fine partridges.

*Madame Senneville.* You are always very gallant.

*Riflard.* You must invite Mr. Vernon and his sister.

*Madame Senneville.* Indeed! what, a rival?

*Riflard.* Poor gentleman! He did not expect to have me for a competitor. If he were not so fond of law-suits and chicanery he would be a finished character; he makes admirable verses, and speaks as he writes, in sentences and adverbs.

*Madame Senneville.* His poor sister begins to be a little on the decline; when she is completely resigned to be an old maid she will be very amiable. Well, it is agreed, then; to-morrow at three—for I keep Paris hours. Mine is the only house in the town where they do not dine at one o'clock. You may choose whether you will play at matrimony, commerce, lottery, or whist. My uncle will be delighted to renew his acquaintance with the nephew of his friend: and if you will only stay two days, I will present you with a ticket for our private theatricals. We play Figaro and the Spanish Barber.

*Riflard.* You will see madame Senneville act Rosina and Juliet.

*Delille.* Do you not take a part too, Mr. Riflard?

*Riflard.* I have sometimes acted the Sneezer, by particular request; but I generally appear as Colin or Corydon in operatic entertainments.

*Madame Senneville* Well, I declare, here is Mr. Vernon coming!

*Delille.* What the poet so fond of law-suits and chicanery, whom you were speaking of this moment?

*Madame Senneville.* The same. (*To Riflard*) Now pray command yourself a little, and let us have none of your jealous airs.

*Riflard.* Have I any reason to be jealous?

### Scene IX.

Desroches, Delille, Riflard, *Madame* Senneville, Vernon.

*Vernon.* I did not expect, madam, to have the inestimable pleasure of meeting with you here.

*Madame Senneville.* I am very happy to see you. Where may you have been?

*Riflard.* Is it necessary to ask that question? At some neighbouring court of law, no doubt.

*Vernon.* You are very right. I come from the court of appeal. They will be the death of me with delay. The cause is again put off for a fortnight.

*Madame Senneville.* Gentlemen, will you permit me to present to you one of the most respectable persons in this part of the country?

*Vernon.* You are pleased to be pleasant, madam.

*Madame Senneville.* It is true you are very fond of law-suits.

*Vernon.* I fond of law-suits! No, I detest them.

*Madame Senneville.* Yet you are at law with every body?

*Vernon.* How with every body?

*Madame Senneville.* With me—

*Vernon.* With your uncle, on account of the summer-house which he has thought proper to build directly in front of my mill, and which certainly intercepts the wind. It is, however, in your power easily to bring about an accommodation.

*Riflard* (*aside to Desroches and*

*Delille.*) This is well said, but it will not do.

*Madame Senneville.* With Riflard—

*Vernon.* Yes, on account of the rabbit which he pursued into my orchard. But we are reconciled. When a person behaves so politely as Mr. Riflard—

*Riflard.* Oh! I am the most accommodating man in the world. (*Aside to Delille*) I would have thrown him out of the window when we were before the justice of peace if he had said much.

*Madame Senneville.* With madam Guibert—

*Vernon.* Yes; that is very different. When my sister had sent for a box of vegetable rouge directly to the eminent perfumer at the golden-bell at Paris, madame Guibert obtaining it by mistake, was certainly in the wrong to convert it to her own use. But we shall see.

*Madame Senneville.* You will, however, have no objection to dine to-morrow with madame Guibert at my house?

*Vernon.* None in the world: people may maintain their rights, and yet dine together.

*Madame Senneville.* We shall have Mr. Riflard, and these gentlemen who have just arrived from Paris.

*Vernon.* From Paris!—I shall be delighted, enchanted:—(*Aside*) I do not like these Paris gentry; they only come to carry off our wives, or cheat us of our money. (*Aloud*) Well, gentlemen, what is there new in Paris? How go on the lyceums, the institute? What do the journals say? Do they still circulate a great many satires?

*Delille.* There is no want of subjects.

*Desroches.* Nor of inclination to satirize, Delille. But of ability there may be.

*Vernon.* And the wild man of Aveyron? the Chinese shadows? the oratorio? the young lions in the menagerie?

*Madame Senneville.* Come, come, you will have time enough to talk of literature and news at table to-morrow. The day advances: my cabriolet must be at the bottom of the hill. A-propos, were you at madame St. Hilairé's assembly, yesterday evening?

*Riflard.* Yes, indeed, it was very dull. You were not there; the supper was ill-served up; every thing cold.

*Vernon.* There were but thirty-three dishes in the dessert.

*Riflard.* There were thirty-five at the last tea which madame Senneville gave. The little Remival made a *faux-pas.* She chattered incessantly with La Morisière.

*Madame Senneville.* How can he attach himself to such a yellow, pye-bald, insipid creature!

*Vernon.* And madame Verbois gave a box on the ear to Florancy.

*Riflard.* He is said to be the author of the satirical verses on her, that are handed about the town.

*Madame Senneville.* Well, say no more; you know that I detest scandal. I must be going; I have an endless number of appointments.

SCENE X.

*Enter* DUBOIS.

*Dubois* (*whispering to Delille.*) Your cousin, madame Belmont, who has followed us, attended by Champagne, her old domestic, is arrived.

*Delille.* Madame Belmont!

*Dubois.* She does not wish to see Mr. Desroches; she desires to speak with you alone.

*Delille.* I will be with her immediately.

*Madame Senneville.* Give me your arm, my dear Riflard. These

two young gentlemen are very agreeable.

*Vernon.* We will all follow you.

*Desroches* (*to Delille.*) You must admit, my friend, this is a charming town.

[*Exeunt madame Senneville, Riflard, and Vernon; Desroches follows them to the bottom of the stage, and then returns.*

SCENE XI.

DUBOIS, DELILLE, CHAMPAGNE.

*Champagne.* Well, Dubois; where is Mr. Delille? my mistress is out of patience.

*Dubois.* Here he is.

*Delille.* Desroches may surprise us; take care to let us know when he is coming.

SCENE XII.

*Enter Madame* BELMONT.

*Madame Belmont.* Do not suppose, Delille, that I have the weakness to follow your unworthy friend. I am going, that I may forget him, a hundred leagues from Paris, on a visit to my respectable aunt. But on the road recognizing your valet, I could not resist the desire to inform myself——

*Delille.* Why should you endeavour to conceal from me the real motive of your journey, my dear cousin? You have followed Desroches. Is there any great harm in that? You love him still.

*Madame Belmont.* What will the world say to such a step?

*Delille.* What matters it what the world says? I see nothing to blame in your conduct. You know Desroches as well as I. His natural vivacity leads him into some extravagancies; but no man has a better heart.

*Madame Belmont.* But to break off so abruptly a marriage when every thing was concluded and arranged, and thus to fly me without explanation—how must this expose me to the malignant falshoods of the dealers in scandal! And what reason could he have?

*Delille.* The hastiness of his character; the experience he had already had of infidelity and inconstancy.

*Madame Belmont.* But, surely—

*Delille.* He surprised you in close conversation with a young officer, a stranger to him, at a ball.

*Madame Belmont.* Can that be the cause? I can very satisfactorily explain——

*Champagne (running to them.)* Sir, Mr. Desroches has just left his company; he is coming.

*Delille.* If you will be guided by my advice, take a lodging in an inn not far from that at which we have put up. I will inform you of every thing that passes.

*Madame Belmont.* I do not wish to see him; I must be gone. I certainly shall follow your advice.

[*Exit.*

*Delille.* You will find that you cannot do better.—This woman is extremely well adapted for him; but who can expect reasonable conduct from a man who is continually at variance with reason?—It does not signify—the arrival of madame Belmont encourages me; I still hope.

SCENE XIII.

DELILLE, DESROCHES.

*Desroches.* Where have you been? I had lost you.

*Delille.* I saw you in close conversation with madame Senneville; and I left you, that I might not interrupt you.

*Desroches.* She is, indeed, a charming woman! full of wit, grace, sensibility. As she got into her carri-

age she gave me such a glance! and pressed my hand.

*Delille.* And what do you think of Rifiard?

*Desroches.* He is a fool whom she amuses herself with.

*Delille.* And this is you who cannot endure coquettes!

*Desroches.* Oh! this is no coquetry; it is sympathy, delicate sensibility.—But we are losing our time; let us enter the town. I will confess I hope that we shall remain here for some time, for how is it possible to quit a place which has so many attractions?

*Delille.* You will not have been in it four-and-twenty hours, before you wish yourself out of it again.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

*The* LOVERS *who were* PERSUADED *to be in* LOVE.

*A TALE.*

*(Continued from p.* 30.*)*

WHEN they had arrived at Chevilly, Louisa in the evening, after supper, entertained the viscount by playing on the harpsichord. Verdac, in imitation of his friend, took a chair beside the instrument, and, lightly leaning on the edge of it as it stood open, beat time with his foot, with sufficient exactness, because he followed the movement given by Fonrose. As often as the latter cried *Bravo! Charming!* the viscount, though much inclined to sleep, roused himself; and, with a stifled yawn, repeated the same exclamations. But at length, as he was not naturally very wakeful, he was completely overpowered by the soporific wand of Morpheus, and that at a moment when Louisa surpassed herself in executing one of her most difficult cross-fingerings. Fonrose, however, perceiving his situation, under the pretext of applauding with transport, struck down the supporter of the lid of the harpsichord, which fell with a terrible but harmonious crash, that suddenly suspended the rapid cross-fingering of Louisa, made madame de Forlis tremble for her instrument, and completely awaked Verdac, who, starting up, exclaimed mechanically, *Bravo!*—'Ah!' cried Fonrose, 'this is true musical enthusiasm! Verdac seems scarcely to notice the din that has so much alarmed us; he hears only the music of Handel; and, amidst all this confusion, his first expression is that of applause. This proves the amateur of just feelings and exquisite taste. While absorbed in listening to such harmony, the crash of a falling world, to adopt the language of Horace, would not divert his attention.'—'It is certain,' said madame de Forlis, with a smile, 'that the viscount listens to music with profound attention.' Verdac, flattered with these praises, answered in that cold manner which was natural to him, declaring that he was most passionately fond of music.

The next morning, Juliette, when she awoke, said to Louisa—'Good heavens! my dear sister, what has been the matter with you to-night?

'What do you mean?' said Louisa.

'You have been talking in your sleep about the viscount de Verdac.'

'The viscount de Verdac?'

'You pronounced his name repeatedly.'

'That is inconceivable, for I declare I do not know that I ever thought of him.'

At this answer, Juliette began to laugh with a satirical air. Her sis-

ter, much surprised, enquired her reason; and Juliette gave her to understand that she suspected she had a partiality for Verdac. Louisa denied it, with great simplicity and with great truth; but Juliette insisting on her opinion, she, at length, said no more.

The next time Louisa saw Verdac she examined him with a kind of curiosity; for she wished at least to know something of this young man, for whom she had been told that she was suspected of having an inclination: and Fonrose soon made the viscount observe that miss de Forlis eyed him in a very particular manner.

On the same day, after dinner, the countess Adrienne took the two sisters into a closet, and said to them—'Fonrose tells me that the poor viscount de Verdac is almost distracted with love for Louisa. He sleeps in a chamber which is only separated from that of Fonrose by a very thin partition; and during the whole of last night he was crying *Bravo!* in his sleep, and beating time with all his strength.' Louisa, on hearing this, looked at her sister and blushed. Juliette expressed her admiration of the wonderful sympathy that there sometimes is between two persons; and Louisa could not but admit that such a coincidence of ideas and sentiments was very extraordinary.

Fonrose told the same stories to Verdac, who at first was rather incredulous, assuring his friend that he had never been addicted either to talk or to walk in his sleep; but Fonrose declaring to him that nothing was more true, he admitted that he could not disbelieve him, and said he supposed he must have the nightmare. He, however, shewed very evidently that he was not a little pleased that miss de Forlis should have talked of him in her sleep.

The next day was Sunday, and it was customary at madame de Forlis' country seat, on all holidays, to have a dance in the great dining-room, to which the upper domestics of the family, as well as many visitors from the neighbourhood, were admitted. The viscount de Verdac could not dance, but he declared that he should with the greatest pleasure be a spectator of this *bal champêtre.* Scarcely a quarter of an hour had, however, elapsed before he was so tired of it that he resolved to make his escape to breathe the fresh air of the gardens, and angle in the fish-pond, which was with him a favourite amusement. He stole away from the ball-room at the moment that miss Louisa had begun a minuet with Fonrose, and had performed with the utmost dignity the profound *ployé* of the *pas grave* which follows the two first curtsies. She perceived the viscount as he was retiring. Louisa never had the least coquetry; but what woman is entirely insensible to the first passion which she has inspired, or believes she has inspired? She went through the remainder of the minuet with a negligence which had never before been observed in her, and she gained by it in the opinion of every one; for nothing was more disavantageous to her than her manner of doing every thing with a stiff and laboured application and exertion; the consequence of which was, that she gave entire satisfaction to her teachers, and completely disgusted every spectator.

When the minuet was ended, Fonrose said in a whisper to Louisa—'I know well why Verdac so hastily left the room.'

'Why?' asked Louisa, with curiosity mixed with surprise.

'Because he was fearful he should not be able to govern his emotions, and thus might attract observation; for, notwithstanding he appears to have so much gravity and reserve, he is a young man of a most ardent and

impetuous disposition. He has great energy in his character. He is a mount Hecla, ice without, and flame within.' This geographical allusion was much approved of by Louisa.

Fonrose then went to seek his friend in the garden. He found him sitting on the edge of the fish-pond, near an artificial ruin representing an ancient tomb.—'My dear friend,' said he to him very gravely, 'why do you give way to this gloomy melancholy, which leads you to fly every pleasure, and come to meditate here among the tombs?'

'What do you mean?' answered Verdac, astonished at the serious air of Fonrose. 'I am not melancholy, I assure you; I have always been fond of angling.'

'Disclose your heart to me,' replied Fonrose in a sentimental tone.

'I declare I have no secret.'

'Will you, then, persist in endeavouring to conceal the passion you have conceived, and which is so evident?'

'What passion?'

'Must I be still more explicit?—You are in love.'

'With whom?' asked Verdac, with an expression of curiosity in his countenance.

'With miss Louisa de Forlis,' answered Fonrose.

At these words Verdac dropped the angling-rod he had till then held into the water, and became motionless with surprise.—'My dear friend,' said he, 'I believe you have guessed right.'

'Oh! it did not require much penetration to discover it.'

'You know me better than I know myself.

'You have had no experience; this is your first passion.'

'Yes, it is my first.'

'It will decide the future destiny of your life; you have made a most excellent choice.'

'It is certain that miss de Forlis—'

'You loved her from the first day—'

'It is true that I was much struck with her beauty and her talents; but unfortunately my father has other views.'

'Your father has not yet positively given his word; and he will not wish to render all your future life unhappy.'

'It is true that, at present, it would not be very easy for me to forget miss de Forlis.'

'My dear friend, you must not abandon yourself to despair. You are not very communicative; but I see clearly that you suffer most acutely.'

'I feel a kind of uneasiness, I own.'

'You must be sensible that miss de Forlis, independent of her amiable personal endowments, is a very advantageous match with respect to her birth and fortune. As to the consent of your father, I will undertake to obtain that.'

'You will render me a very great service. But am I certain that I am agreeable to miss de Forlis?'

'You were born for each other, be assured of it: it is easy to perceive that she has a partiality for you.'

'I will endeavour to render myself worthy of her esteem.'

After this conversation, of which an account was given to Louisa with all the necessary embellishments, these two lovers began to engage somewhat more the attention of each other; and the countess Adrienne, who shared with Fonrose in the confidence of Verdac, advised him to declare his passion to Louisa, and promised to procure him an opportunity. Accordingly, one day, when they were all taking a walk together in the garden, Adrienne, Fonrose, and Juliette, left the viscount and

Louisa *tête a tête* in a little pavilion, under pretext of fetching Juliette's guitar; she having consented, after having been repeatedly requested, to sing a favourite song. They did not return for above half an hour; and then found the two lovers playing at shuttle-cock, but neither had said a word to the other. Fonrose then advised the viscount to write, and dictated to him a very passionate letter, which the countess Adrienne undertook to deliver to Louisa; who returned a verbal answer, signifying that she was much obliged to the viscount de Verdac for his polite and flattering attention to her, and that when he should have obtained the consent of his father, she would authorize him to speak to madame de Forlis.

In the mean time, Louisa, now certain that Verdac was in love with her, told every thing to her mother, who was surprised and disappointed at finding that Fonrose was not a suitor to her eldest daughter; for she would have preferred him to the viscount, whom she considered as less agreeable and accomplished, and likewise too young. However, as he was the eldest son of a man of quality who was immensely rich, she gave her approbation to the proposed union: she was even very desirous of it, when Louisa confessed to her that she had loved the viscount from the first moment that she became acquainted with him. Louisa gave her mother a faithful account, not of the truth, but of all that she had been told, and persuaded to believe. This narrative appeared to madame de Forlis most interestingly romantic. Nothing is more pleasing to a mother than to be made the confidante of the amours of a beloved daughter and the lover whom she intends to be her husband; and the letter dictated by Fonrose appeared to madame de Forlis a master-piece of delicacy and sensibility.

In the mean time, the countess Adrienne set out for the capital, promising to return the next day. At Paris she learned strange things. The young lady whom the baron de Verdac intended for his son was her sister; and this marriage, which had been privately planned by the two fathers, was to terminate a law-suit which had long been carried on between them at a great expence to both, on which account it was particularly desirable for the family of Adrienne. The father of Adrienne, knowing that young Verdac was at Chevilly, at the villa of madame de Forlis, related all these particulars to his daughter, charging her to use every means in her power to pre-dispose the viscount in favour of her sister. Adrienne, equally vexed and mortified to think she should have engaged in an intrigue so prejudicial to the interests of her family, resolved to make every exertion to counteract and frustrate it; and flattered herself that she should find no difficulty in separating two lovers, neither of whom had ever been in love with the other. What appeared to her most difficult was to do this without the knowledge of Fonrose and Juliette, and to betray them without their perceiving it. She could not, besides, without rendering herself suspected by the viscount, discover to him either her own personal interest in this affair or the stratagems that had been employed to persuade him that he was in love. It was absolutely necessary, however, to get him away from Chevilly, by inducing him to renounce Louisa. To effect this she framed a plan from which she hoped success, and returned with all haste to Chevilly.

*(To be continued.)*

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called THE HONEY MOON, performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Thursday, January 31.

THE characters were thus represented:

| | |
|---|---|
| Duke of Aranza - - | Mr. Elliston. |
| Count Montalban - | Mr. Bartley. |
| Rolando - - - - | Mr. Bannister. |
| Balthazar - - - - | Mr. Wroughton. |
| Jacquez - - - - | Mr. Collins. |
| Surgeon - - - - | Mr. Matthews. |
| Peasant - - - - | Mr. Purser. |
| Juliana - - - - | Miss Duncan. |
| Zamora - - - - | Miss De Camp. |
| Volante - - - - | Miss Mellon. |
| Hostess - - - - | Mrs. Sparks. |

Duke's Servants, Peasants, &c.

The scene lies in Spain or Portugal, the author has not positively told us which; but there is nothing of novelty in the plot. The *duke of Aranza* becomes enamoured of *Juliana*, one of the daughters of *Balthazar*, whose quality is not sufficiently defined: she is drawn as proud, wayward, and capricious, impatient of controul, and exacting obedience from her future lord. To curb this impetuous spirit, the *duke*, after the marriage ceremony has been performed, removes her, under pretence of taking her to his castle, to a lowly cottage, where, exercising an honest artifice, he informs her that he is no duke, but a poor and needy man. The high spirit of the lady ill brooking this falling off of her state, becomes rebellious; and the *duke*, in the exercise of his privilege, has recourse to the harsh expedient of putting his *better half* under constraint, or, in more homely but intelligible language, locking her up. From this, after having previously contrived to communicate her disappointment and situation to her father, she is liberated by the husband; and she, with his consent, is allowed to go where she pleases. The first use she makes of her liberty is to hasten to the *duke's* palace, for the purpose of obtaining redress. She is here introduced to the presence of *Jacquez*, one of the *duke's* domestics, who, during the absence of his master, assumes all his state and authority. The *duke* enters in humble guise, and a scene of recrimination takes place, in which *Jacquez* acts as arbiter; who at last decides, that *Juliana* should return with her husband to pass the *Honey Moon* with him, at the termination of which, if she did not asknowledge herself satisfied, a divorce should be granted to her. The *duke*, in the course of that time, effects an alteration in her sentiments and disposition, and happily moulds them to his will. Her father repairs to the cottage, and claims satisfaction for the imposition practised on his daughter, and insists on carrying her to the *duke*. Her obedience to her husband predominates over her duty to her parent, and she refuses to go, except with his concurrence. This she obtains, and *Balthazar* and his daughter repair to the castle, when the *dénouement* takes place, and *Juliana* finds that she has really wedded the rightful *duke of Aranza*, and that all her mortifications were but a trial of her obedience and affection.

This is the principal incident; but there are some minor occurrences subservient to it, which conduce to the completion of the story. *Juliana* has two sisters, one of whom, *Volante*, is beloved by count *Montalban*, friend to the duke, and confidant of his secret; the other, *Zamora*, conceives a violent passion for captain *Rolando*, a nominal woman-hater, but possessing in reality an ardent and romantic passion for the sex, and whom she attaches herself to in the capacity of a page. Dismissed from that employment, she manages to put herself in his way attired as a female, and after the necessary explanations,

and mutual avowal, attachment takes place. In the sequel, *Montalban* and *Rolando* are united to the sisters of *Juliana,* and the comedy terminates.

This comedy is written in verse, after the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher and the other writers who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. The prologue represented it as the production of a person who is now no more, and it has since been published under the name of the late John Tobin, esq. It was received with considerable and merited applause, though it possesses very little originality in point of plot, incident, sentiment, or character. The author, whoever he is, or has been, is entitled to the praise of possessing reading and ingenuity enough to *compile* with judgment and with taste. There is not one of the prominent characters in the play which has not its prototype either in the comedies of Shakspeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and even of Farquhar. *Aranza* is copied from *Petruchio,* and *Rolando* is a heterogeneous mixture of *Benedict,* and *Duretéte* in the comedy of *The Inconstant.* *Juliana* is a kind of second-hand Catharine; and the disguised page is one of those whining love-lorn damsels, one of whom is generally to be found in the comedies of the earlier ages. There is scarcely a scene of the *Honey Moon* which might not be traced to the works of some of the poets we have quoted or could quote. Without possessing, however, therefore, the least originality in the essential constituents to dramatic composition, the *Honey Moon* is a rational and pleasing comedy. The attraction derived from its real merit will be increased by the novelty of its style. Although the author cannot boast of displaying original powers, he has compiled a piece which forms an agreeable variety among the common-place productions of the day.

A dance being introduced in one of the scenes, Elliston and miss Duncan shewed so much address in it that they procured an *encore.* Bannister, miss Mellon, and miss de Camp, deserve many thanks from the author. The play was unanimously applauded thoughout. The prologue, spoken by Mr. Bartley, solemnly assured the audience that the author '*is no more!*' The epilogue, by miss De Camp, alluded to the 'Rule a Husband' of the other house, and played upon the attractions of a *Honey Moon,* through several lines, till she announced a conclusion of her '*lunar observations.*'

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## ACCOUNT of the NEW MELO-DRAME, in three Acts, entitled, THE LADY OF THE ROCK, represented, for the first time, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, February 12.

THE characters were as follow:

| | |
|---|---|
| Donald M'Lean - - | Mr. H. Johnston. |
| Dugald M'Lean - - | Mr. Raymond. |
| Campbell - - - - | Mr. De Camp. |
| Sandy - - - - - | Mr. Bannister. |
| Argyle - - - - - | Mr. Dignum. |
| Lady M'Lean - - - | Mrs. Powell. |
| Moggy - - - - - | Mrs. Harlowe. |

Two boys, sons of Sandy, and a little girl (miss Bristowe), daughter of Donald and lady Maclean.

### THE STORY,

Which is laid in Scotland, is very simple in its construction. *Donald M'Lean* is the laird or chieftain of his clan. *Dugald,* actuated by ambition and avarice, arrives to inspire his brother with the most jealous suspicions of his wife's fidelity, and finally prevails upon him to send her

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out to sea under the care of a wretch who has consented to become his instrument, and who, in pursuance of his instructions, leaves her upon a barren rock which is overflown by the sea at high water, and where, it is supposed, she must infallibly perish. In the mean time he prepares poison for his brother, in the hope of succeeding, by means of his death, to all the honours and possessions of his house. By mistake, however, he takes the poison which he had prepared for his brother, and dies, after ineffectually attempting to stab *Donald*. *Sandy*, a fisherman, whom *Dugald* had faithlessly endeavoured to persuade to aid him in his crime, finding that some one has been taken to the rock, and suspecting who it is, immediately launches out his boat in a tremendous storm, accompanied by one of his sons, and succeeds in rescuing *lady M'Lean* from her perilous situation. *Donald*, in the interim, gives out that his lady had died suddenly, and orders her funeral to be prepared, to which he invites all the Campbells. The latter come armed, headed by *Campbell*, the brother of *lady M'Lean*, in disguise, who had previously arrived in that part of the country, having been saved from shipwreck by *Sandy*. *Campbell* discovers himself, and, after reproaching *Donald* with the suspicious circumstances attending his sister's supposed death, challenges him to single combat. They are about to fight, and the clans to fall upon each other, when *lady M'Lean* rushes in—a reconciliation takes place between her and her husband, as well as between all the other parties, and the piece concludes.

This piece, which is the production of Mr. Holcroft, contains scenes and situations which certainly are by no means deficient in interest; but the character of *Dugald* is so much overcharged as to throw a shadow over the piece. In the scene where *Dugald* is brought in dying—and in that state, instead of expressing the slightest contrition, attempts to stab his brother, at the same time expressing only rage and disappointment that his crimes have been fruitless, intermingled with curses upon his brother—the author has evidently mistaken the horrid for the pathetic. The scene was revolting to the feelings of the audience, who were generally disgusted. Notwithstanding this, however, the piece is, in many respects, well managed; although the idea of introducing a child to tell tales against her mother is by no means a happy one.

The performers did great justice to their respective characters, and contributed, by every means in their power, to the support of the piece. Some of the scenery is very beautiful, particularly the sea during a violent storm, at the end of the second act, when the scene very happily drops, leaving the audience in suspence for the fate of *lady M'Lean*, for the purpose of attempting whose deliverance *Sandy* has embarked.

## MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

JEALOUSY not only sours the temper, but obscures the understanding; and, like many other violent human efforts, generally produces the very evil it is on the watch to prevent.

Obstinacy is an advantage to our enemies, a trouble to our friends, and a certain and deadly injury to ourselves.

The glory of the aged is their experience and wisdom; the glory of a young man is his modesty and submission.

# POETICAL ESSAYS.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE

## SCHOOL OF REFORM.

*WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.*

SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

IN due obedience to old custom's right,
The Prologue comes to pay its court to-night;
But with no mean petitionary air,
Which true-born Britons must disdain to wear.
A bard, whose muse has gain'd your smiles before,
By hope embolden'd, ventures here once more.
Nor is that hope to vanity ally'd,
The swelling produce of o'erweening pride,
But, rais'd upon your merit, not his own,
The grateful tribute laid at Candour's throne.

If there be Critics here who come by rule
To judge our drama by the Grecian school,
From sages so profound in ancient art
Our author's simple refuge is—the heart;
To that soft arbiter he dares appeal,
Assur'd of lenity from those who feel.

And think not ye, of nicer modern mode,
He means to dramatize the Penal Code*,
If, slighting well-bred vice, for once he draws
A plain and homely victim of the laws;
Some latent good we in the worst may scan
To claim the sympathy of erring man.

Then blest be they † whose lib'ral hearts combin'd
To sooth the horrors of the guilty mind,
And, with a genuine philanthropic glow,
Have rescu'd innocence from want and woe.
Amid the Charities which grace our land
Their honour'd fabric shall conspicuous stand:
No more the friendless orphan shall despair,
Secure of shelter and of succour there:
Hence future times shall guard the hallow'd dome,
The School of Virtue, and the Wand'rer's home.

* Vide The Critic. † The Philanthropic Society.

## TO FANCY.

A SONNET.

WHENE'ER my fond imagination strays
With thee, sweet maid, along thy motly bow'r,
With joy I wander through each winding maze,
And eager grasp each gay and gaudy flow'r.
'Tis then the charming maid for whom I sigh
Without reserve comes flying to my arms,
Love's ardent passion beaming in her eye,
While I, with rapture, gaze upon her charms.
But when those airy visions quit my sight,
And all the gay delusive dream is o'er,
With various passions is my bosom tore:
My love is flown, my joy, my soul's delight:
O Fancy! change the scene, these cares dismiss,
And kindly realise each fond ideal bliss!

*Oxford, Dec, 5, 1804.*

J. W. V.

## EPITAPH

### ON A DEAF MECHANIC.

READER! whose serious mind delights to tread
These solemn shades where sleep the village dead,
In pensive musings pass some moments here,
And drop o'er frail humanity a tear;
Heave, with the solitary muse, one sigh
O'er the green turf where Charles's ashes lie.
Wise Heav'n was pleas'd, in childhood's gay career,
To take from him one sense—the pow'r to hear—
And doom'd poor Charles, throughout life's lengthen'd day,
To plod in solitude his dreary way.
Sweet music's charms, which cheer the drooping heart,
To him no glad sensations could impart:
The sweets of social converse ne'er were his,
Nor ever did he taste connubial bliss.
Yet think not, reader, the deceas'd was found
An idle, useless, cumberer of the ground;
For he was skilful in mechanic art:
On life's low stage he play'd a useful part;
Till, touch'd by death, each nice pulsation stopp'd—
The mortal drama clos'd—the curtain dropp'd!
Departed shade! tho' o'er thy grass-clad tomb
No sculptur'd cherub weeps, no laurels bloom,
Sweet rest be thine upon thy bed of clay
Till the last trump proclaims a rising day;
Then mayst thou mount (thro' mercy), and obtain
A lowly station with the ransom'd train,
And gain in realms of light a humble seat,
Where bliss inferior still is bliss complete.

*Haverbill.* JOHN WEBB.

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### ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING DURING A THUNDERSTORM.

HARK! how the Blackbird chaunts his rural song,
While the loud thunder shakes heav'ns ample concave,
And the fierce light'ning gilds the awful gloom!
Sing unappall'd, thou sooty child of harmony!
Thy little breast's a stranger to pale fear;
For innocence, long fled from Eden's bowers,
Has found an unmolested refuge there.
Sing on, sweet bird! while man, the coward man,
Shudders with horror at the vivid flash,
And trembles at the elemental roar.
What makes the coward tremble? conscious guilt!
'Tis conscious guilt that turns his visage pale,
And summons up a train of ghastly terrors:
He fears th' etherial fire, or swift-wing'd bolt
Should prove the dreadful messenger of fate
To plunge him down to shades of black despair.
Great God of Thunder! Power Omnipotent!
Oh may thy grace subdue my stubborn heart,
And subjugate my rebel inclinations!
Then, if the sulph'rous blast pervade this frame,
'T will be a soft transition to fair scenes
Of bright, transporting, never-ending bliss.

*Haverbill.* JOHN WEBB.

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### A VALENTINE.

Dear Mary!

THIS auspicious day
Invites the soul to love;
But how shall words to thee convey
The pleasing pangs I prove?

Or how shall my poor pen dare tell
A mind so richly stor'd
How long I've lov'd thee, and how well
Thy beauteous form ador'd?

How oft with pleasure I have hung,
When music's power you try'd;
Or when some wretch's fate you sung,
For love perchance who died?

How oft' I've led the lightsome dance,
With gracefulness and thee;
How oft, if left alone by chance,
I've bent to you the knee?

How oft I've whispered in your ear
How fervently I lov'd;
Yet you would never seem to hear,
Nor tell me you approv'd?

'Tis not alone thy many charms
That bid affection live;
As much thy mind my bosom warms,
As much delight doth give:

Its highly-cultivated pow'rs
Would grace a monarch's throne;
Would give a zest to all his hours,
And make each joy his own.

These thoughts would drive me to despair,
But Hope, the lover's friend,
Bids me, in spite of ev'ry care,
On thy fair form attend.

She bade me thus address my love,
My fondest wishes tell;
She whisper'd, Mary, thou wilt prove
Sincere to J. M. L.

*Feb.* 14, 1805.

## THE MANIAC.

THE boist'rous blast blew loud and long,
The ruthless rain in torrents fell;
Fierce forked lightnings flash'd along,
And oft was heard the thunder's swell:

Mad Mary mov'd along the plain;—
She minded not the beating storm;
Nor fear'd the thunder nor the rain,
Nor eke the lightning's flashes warm.

Alas! poor maid! though fearless now,
Suspended sense forbids to feel,
You once was wont at storms to bow—
Devotion taught you then to kneel:

Devotion taught to bless your God,
And bend submissive to his will;
If sorrow came, to kiss the rod;
If joy, to be subservient still.

But griefs too weighty to be borne
Press'd on thy poor devoted head:
A mother from your arms was torn;
She sank, and mingled with the dead.

Your father for his country fell;
In Britain's fleet he fought and died:
His tale of pity oft I tell,
Meek modest truth alone my guide.

Misfortune on misfortune bore,
A vast accumulated load;
They weaken'd reason's guardian pow'r,
They drove your wits from their abode.

May Heav'n in mercy heal your brain,
Or take you to its peaceful rest!
May sense resume her happy reign,
Or may you, Mary, join the blest!
J. M. L.

*Jan*, 5, 1805.

## A LOVER'S LIST.

TO Evelina first I bow'd,
And call'd her oft my pretty fairy;
The next to whom soft love I vow'd
Was sentimental, mournful Mary.

Selina then my heart enthrall'd;
She suited not my wayward fancy:
On Betsy next I often call'd,
And soon I courted nimble Nancy.

Then throbb'd my heart for Ann the fair,
But chang'd full soon for merry Molly;
Then fell in love with Hannah's hair,
Next with the foot of darling Dolly.

In Clementina beauty shone,
In Sophia, Susan, and in Stella:
I lov'd them all, but soon, I own,
I paid my court to Isabella.

To humble Joan and Julia gay,
To Lucy and to Leonora,
I paid attention ev'ry day;
But soon I met with lovely Flora.

I flirted long with this fair maid,
But left her beauties, like a ninny;
To her succeeded Winifred;
To her again succeeded Jenny.

Then Bridget, Blanch, and Bertha came;
Then Harriet, Helen, aye, and Hebe:
Then fifty more I cannot name,
And after them came pretty Phœbe.

For Caroline I felt a flame;
With Emma too I oft would dally:
I lov'd Maria for her name;
But fair perfection dwelt with Sally.

I jilted some, some jilted me;
But all my wand'ring passions rally.
No mortal happier sure can be
Than I am now with beauteous Sally.
J. M. L.

*Feb.* 4, 1805.

## EPITAPH.

HERE, beneath the grass-grown grave,
Sleeps fair Meina of the cot;
Earthly joys no more shall crave,
Earthly hopes are all forgot.

Sorrow was her lot below:
Cross'd with care, and cross'd in love,
Heav'n beheld her weight of woe,
And caught her soul to bliss above.
J. M. L.

*Jan.* 5, 1805.

## THE SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

OH! softly stealing, let thy footsteps stray
Across the lonesome grave-encumber'd way;
This simple stone in lays as simple tells,
Who 'tis beneath its narrow bound that dwells.
A brave and virtuous veteran was he,
Who ne'er to base dishonour bent the knee:
His name was Albert. War's stern path he trod;
Died for his king, then flew to rest with God!

J. M. L.

*Jan.* 5, 1805.

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## ACROSTIC.

*By* J. C. S.

M ay those days of joy return
I have with my charmer past!
S oon may Agnes cease to mourn,
S oon may Clifford clasp his lass!

A s the moss-rose, after show'rs,
'G ins its fragrant sweets to spread,
N o less fresh from sorrow's hours,
E ver lovely, blooming red,
S oon may Agnes raise her head!

P erish every wretch malign!
E v'ry wretch of envious mien!
R ig'rous malice we'll defy;
C ruel scandal then will die:
I f she dare her front to rear,
V ainly shall her sting appear.
*A ll* our bosoms *feel* we'll prove:
L et them rail, but let us love.

*Jan.* 13, 1805.

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## FROM THE LATIN OF BONEFONIUS.

WHILE I, fair maid! enjoy your sweet embrace,
And fondly press those honied lips to mine;
While I, with transport, view that heavenly face,
And clasp those beauties, more than half divine;

'T'is then I seem above creation blest,
And with the Gods my happy state compare;
Or, if my joys must needs be more exprest,
I all the raptures of Elysium share.

But when, alas! my circling arms you shun,
And from my lips those lips of coral tear,
No more I seem th' ethereal course to run;
No more the raptures of Elysium share.

Then, then, methinks, I pass the shades below,
Where Pluto's seated on his ebon throne;
Or, comfortless, through desert climes I go,
And lie unpitied 'neath the torrid zone.

*Oxford, Dec.* 5, 1805.

J. W. V.

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## FROM THE LATIN OF SECUNDUS.

'Give me, sweet girl (I cried), one little kiss!'
And quick you grant me all the wish'd-for bliss:
Your ambient arms around my neck you throw,
While from those lips luxuriant kisses flow;
Then, as the youth whose piercing eye descries
The venom'd snake quick o'er the meadow flies;
So from my fond embrace you haste away;
No pray'r can stop you, and no sigh delay.
O! is it thus, my love! the balmy kiss you give?
O! is it thus you bid your lover live?
No! no! my sweet! this only will inflame
My youthful bosom with a fiercer flame.

*Oxford, Dec.* 5. 1804.

J. W. V.

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## TO MISS ANN PARK--R,

*Robertson's Row, Kingsland.*

GRACEFUL creature! charming Ann!
Oh listen while I sing!
Nor chide thy fond adorer's plan,
His tribute thus to bring.

My humble pen in vain would try
To paint thy matchless form;
And oft the hopeless heartfelt sigh
Escapes my bosom warm.

Each sprightly grace of mind and mien,
Dear Nancy! are your own:
Then let for me one smile be seen,
And end my plaintive moan.

LEANDER.

*Shacklewell*, 1804.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

*Florence, December* 18.

THE Austrian cordon, drawn along the Italian frontiers, on account of the epidemical fever, is so strong that it is considered as likewise an army of observation.

*Vienna, Jan.* 2. Orders have been given to fit out at Venice, in a short time, twenty-two corvettes, from twelve to eighteen guns.

We are assured that general Mack will have the command of our strong cordon of troops on the Italian frontiers.

*Genoa, Jan.* 3. On the 28th of December the French fleet lay still at anchor at Toulon; the report that it had put to sea was premature. On the 21st of December admiral Nelson, with 18 ships of war, sailed from Cagliari, in Sardinia.

*Vienna, Jan.* 10. General count Belegarde is appointed our ambassador to France, in the room of count Cobentzel.

They write from Constantinople, under date of December 4, that the troops assembled at Sebastopol, which were supposed to be destined for Corfu, have unexpectedly received orders to defer their departure for an unlimited time. In the preceding month, two Russian ships with troops from Sebastopol had sailed for Mingrelia.

*Stockholm, Jan.* 12. Accounts from St. Petersburgh state, that the greatest activity prevails in the dock-yards, both at Cronstadt and Revel; at the former place, several new ships are building: a formidable fleet, it is said, will soon be in a state of readiness.

From Berlin we hear, that the late encroachments of the French in Hamburgh, the seizure of sir George Rumbold, and the messengers, have ever since made his Prussian majesty view all the motions of Bonaparte with a jealous eye.

*Vienna, Jan.* 12. To-day a courier arrived from our ambassador at Paris to the minister of state, who immediately after dispatched a courier to the court of Berlin. The subject of the dispatches of those couriers is said to be the affairs of Italy. A French courier has likewise arrived here from Paris.

16. It is said that marshal Brune has left Constantinople. This report, however, as yet, requires confirmation.

The hope that the peace of the Continent will be maintained and confirmed by the endeavours of our court, in conjunction with those of St. Petersburgh and Berlin, continually appears better founded.

The military force of Austria consists at present of sixty-three regiments of the line, seventeen regiments of frontier infantry, eight regiments of cuirassiers, and six regiments of dragoons, six regiments of light horse, twelve regiments of hussars, three regiments of Uhlans, one regiment of chasseurs, four regiments of Tyrolese militia, one corps of bombadiers, one corps of pioneers, one corps of miners, one corps of sappers, and one corps of pontooners.

To this army are appointed nine field-marshals, thirty-five generals of artillery and generals of cavalry, 136 field-marshal lieutenants, and 258 major-generals.

*Frankfort, Jan.* 17. Accounts from the Lower Rhine state the number of troops that are detached from the army of the coast, and drawing towards Italy, at 40,000 men.

They write from Paris, that the pope,

in case of certain changes in Italy, will fix his residence at Compeigne.

*Nyborg, Jan.* 17. Yesterday their Swedish majesties left this place, and crossed the Great Belt, without any accident. They afterwards proceeded on their journey, by the way of Rotschild, for Elsineur. The Danish adjutant-general Lindholm met the king just as he left the city, and was most graciously received by his majesty. Count Moltke, who was likewise coming to meet him, with the Danish court equipage, was obliged to stop at Corsoer, on account of the ice.

*Madrid, Jan.* 18. A great number of families that the yellow fever had driven from Gibraltar have found a refuge on the African coasts. The dey of Algiers receives them without any precaution, always asserting, that the epidemic disorder respects the mussulmen, and only exercises its ravages among Christians.

The annual enumeration of the inhabitants of this city has been lately made. The result is, that from the 1st of December, 1803, to the 1st of December, 1804, there have been in this capital 1,653 marriages, 5,024 births, and 11,307 deaths, exclusive of men who died in the monasteries and hospitals. The number of deaths this year exceeded that of the last by 5,377.

It appears that the Spanish government are now occupied in the circulation of pious works in America, and with the alienation of the ecclesiastical property, for which it has been said that a letter has been received from the pope.

*Paris, Jan.* 20. A division of the grenadiers and chasseurs of the imperial body guard has marched to Lyons; from thence they will proceeded to Milan, whither a detachment from the corps of Mamelukes is already gone.

The last advices from Guadaloupe and Martinique, of the 9th of November, state the arrival of the frigates *La Ville de Milan*, and *Le President*, with ammunition and provisions; and that both islands were, in consequence of such arrivals, in the best state of defence.

23. The march of troops from this capital, and our emperor's intended journey to Italy (which, however, is not yet officially known), furnish matter for speculation. The best-informed persons, however, still think, that there will be no war on the Continent with Russia, much less that there is any possibility of a dispute with Austria. Nay, many politicians speak rather of a general peace, which, giving satisfaction to all the powers, would restore the political balance of Europe. The plan of such an agreement is ascribed to the elector arch-chancellor.

We are informed that the emperor of the French has written a very flattering letter to the Batavian government, respecting the extraordinary legation they sent to assist at the coronation.

Every thing concurs to render it probable, that we shall soon be able to announce the accession of his imperial highness, prince Joseph, to the throne of Lombardy. The emperor's journey to Italy will, we are informed, be connected with that new monarchy. It is added, that the arrangements necessarily required by that event will undoubtedly delay, for a while, the settlement which remains to be completed, relative to the political situation of another neighbouring state. It is said, that his holiness will, on his return to Rome, perform the coronation of the new king of Lombardy.

*Hague, Jan.* 24. The French ambassador having complained of the great encouragement afforded to the desertion of conscripts raised in the Belgic provinces, from the ready admission they found in this country, the government of state has been obliged to issue an order to prevent the entrance of any French citizen into the territories of the republic who is not furnished with a proper passport.

Letters from Hamburgh, of the 18th instant, state, that England and France are reported to have accepted the mediation of Prussia; but that the negociation would probably be very protracted.

27. Private letters from Mentz of the 19th instant state that there was much talk of the breaking up of the camp of Boulogne, &c.

*Paris, Feb.* 5. Yesterday the counsellors of state, Segur, Beguen, and Des-

solles, communicated to the legislative body, in the name of the emperor, a letter which his majesty has written to the king of England, containing overtures of peace.

'Sir and Brother (*Monsieur mon Frere*),

'Called to the throne of France by Providence and by the suffrages of the people, and by the army, my first sentiment is a wish for peace. France and England abuse their prosperity—they may contend for ages; but do their governments well fulfil the most sacred of their duties; and will not so much blood shed uselessly, and without a view to any end, accuse them to their own consciences? I consider it as no disgrace to make the first step. I have, I hope, sufficiently proved to the world that I fear none of the chances of war—it besides presents nothing that I need to fear. Peace is the wish of my heart, but war has never been contrary to my glory. I conjure your majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world, nor to leave that sweet satisfaction to your children; for, in fine, there never was a more favourable opportunity, nor a moment more favourable to silence all the passions, and to listen only to the sentiments of humanity and reason. This moment once lost, what period can be assigned to a war which all my efforts will not be able to terminate! Your majesty has gained more within ten years, both in territory and riches, than the whole extent of Europe—your nation is at the highest point of prosperity—what can it hope from war? To form a coalition of some powers of the Continent?—The Continent will remain tranquil—a coalition can only increase the preponderance and continental greatness of France.—The time is past for renewing internal troubles.—To destroy our finances?—Finances founded on flourishing culture can never be destroyed.—To take from France her colonies?—The colonies are to France only a secondary object; and does not your majesty already possess more than you know how to preserve? If your majesty would but reflect, you must perceive that the war is without an object; without any presumable result to yourself. Alas! what a melancholy prospect to cause two nations to fight for the sake of fighting! The world is sufficiently large for our two nations to live in, and reason is sufficiently powerful to discover the means of reconciling every thing when the wish for reconciliation exists on both sides. I have, however, fulfilled a sacred duty, and one which is precious to my heart. I trust your majesty will believe in the sincerity of my sentiments, and my wish to give you every proof of it.

'NAPOLEON.'

M. de Segur communicated at the same time the following letter from lord Mulgrave to M. Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs:—

'His majesty has received the letter which has been addressed to him by the head of the French government, dated the 2d of the present month. There is no object which his majesty has more at heart than to avail himself of the first opportunity to procure again for his subjects the advantages of a peace, founded on bases which may not be incompatible with the permanent security and essential interests of his states. His majesty is persuaded that this end can only be attained by arrangements which may at the same time provide for the future safety and tranquillity of Europe, and prevent the recurrence of the dangers and calamities in which it is involved. Conformably to this sentiment, his majesty feels that it is impossible for him to answer more particularly to the overture that has been made him till he has had time to communicate with the powers of the Continent with whom he is engaged in confidential connections and relations, and particularly with the emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of the wisdom and elevation of the sentiments with which he is animated, and the lively interest which he takes in the safety and independence of Europe.

(Signed) 'MULGRAVE.'

A deputation of twenty members was appointed to carry up an address to his imperial majesty on the subject of this communication.

# HOME NEWS.

*Dublin, Jan.* 18.

AT one o'clock this day, the hon. Mr. justice Johnson was arrested, at his house near Miltown, under a warrant of lord Ellenborough, dated 24th November last, and indorsed by Mr. justice Bell, a magistrate of the county of Dublin; he sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, which prevented his deportation this evening, and will be brought before the lord chief justice, at his chambers, to-morrow at 12 o'clock. This is the first arrest which has taken place under the 44th Geo. 3. c. 92.

19. The lord chief justice, before whom the hon. Mr. justice Johnson was brought up by *habeas corpus*, thinking it right to give a full and solemn discussion to this new and interesting case, called upon as many of the judges as happened to be in town for their assistance, at the hearing of such arguments as should be offered by Mr. justice Johnson's counsel upon the return on the writ. The judges who attended at the chief justice's chambers were the lord chief justice of the common pleas, the lord chief baron, the honourable barons George and Smith, and the honourable justices Day and Finucane. The arguments have consumed the whole of this day. The court adjourned to Monday next, at twelve o'clock. Mr. justice Johnson was allowed to go to his house at Miltown, on his promise to attend at the meeting on Monday.

Mr. justice Johnson read to the court a correspondence he had held with government, comprising letters of sir Evan Nepean, Mr. Marsden, and the lord chancellor of Ireland. He is in a very bad state of health, and was attended during the sitting of the court by his physician, sir Henry Jebb.

The accounts from some parts of the south of Ireland are rather of an unpleasant nature. The barbarous practice of houghing cattle has again been resorted to in some places; and in the county of Waterford in particular, the sheriff has deemed it necessary to call a general meeting of the magistrates, in order to consider of the best means to be adopted for preserving the peace of the county.

*Birmingham, Jan.* 24. On Monday noon a reputable gun and pistol manufacturer of this town, having occasion to reprimand his son, a youth about nineteen, for misbehaviour, the latter, unmindful of the ties of filial duty, struck and beat his parent so outrageously, that he applied for the interference of a constable, as well to preserve the peace of his family, as to ensure his own personal safety. This, however, only increased the young man's intemperance, who immediately ran up stairs to an apartment which contained some finished fire-arms, and furnishing himself with a double-barrelled gun and a horse-pistol, he threatened to destroy his father, or any other person daring to approach him. When the constable arrived, he was dissuaded by the family from attempting to apprehend him, especially without further assistance, the father having prudently left the house when he found himself in such imminent danger. A very considerable time had elapsed before the constable returned to the house, with two assistants, at one of whom, on his enter-

ing the back yard, the young desperado fired through a window with slugs; but the man, providentially, seeing the piece before it was discharged, dropped beneath its level, and the contents dashed against the wall and brickwork. Instantly raising himself, the man gained the stairs of the warehouse unhurt, but before he had ascended to the first floor the frenzied wretch had placed the pistol to his head, and blown a large portion of his skull off, which with his brains lay scattered over the warehouse; thus, in a moment, putting a period to his own existence—a shocking instance of human turpitude, resulting from the impulse of unrestrained passion, and a contempt of filial duty!

*London, Jan.* 28. Yesterday morning, at a quarter past three o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out in the house of Mr. Barr, tallow-chandler, Upper Adam-street, Edgware-road. It was discovered by a coachman, who had been putting up his horses at a neighbouring stable, and who, on passing through the street, was alarmed by a strong smell of smoke. He immediately knocked at Mr. Barr's door, and alarmed the neighbourhood by a loud cry of 'fire.' In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Barr appeared in the balcony of the first floor, with each an infant in their arms. Several of the neighbours, who had been roused from their beds by the noise, were now in the street, in the front of Mr. Barr's house, and having procured ladders, they rescued him and Mrs. Barr, with the two children, from their perilous situation. The house was by this time all in a blaze, and a coachman of the name of Pierce, who resided in the second floor, was fortunate enough, at the imminent risque of his life, to rescue his daughter, whom he carried down stairs amidst fire and smoke. He had scarcely reached the street in safety with her, when, recollecting that his wife remained behind, he exclaimed, in an agony of grief, 'Oh! Betsy, Betsy, Betsy!' To return as he came was impossible, as the stair-case was completely enveloped with the flames; but he had scarcely uttered the above words, when one of the windows in the two pair of stairs front room opened, and the unfortunate woman presented herself. Without a moment's hesitation, she precipitated herself into the street. By the fall, her thigh was broken, her neck dislocated, and she instantly expired, in the presence of her husband and daughter, who were eye-witnesses of her melancholy fate. The fire had, by this time, got possession of every part of the house, which presented nothing but one entire blaze, and no hope was left that any of the unfortunate inhabitants that remained in it could possibly escape. They consisted of Mr. Adams, a coachman, and his wife, an elderly lady, and her two grandsons, fine lads, and two young men, servants out of places, all of whom, to the number of seven, melancholy to relate! fell victims to the fury of the flames. None of the bodies have been yet discovered, the rubbish not having been sufficiently removed in the course of the day. The foot-guards quartered at Portman-street barracks, and the Mary-la-bonne association, attended, and used every exertion to prevent the spreading of the fire, and to protect the property of the neighbourhood.

30. Yesterday morning early, the workmen renewed their labour in clearing away the rubbish, to come at the two bodies which were left in the ruins on the preceding night. The body of Adams was first found, near to which was that of his wife, who was pregnant: after the latter was loosened from the earth, and the workmen were conveying it on their shovels to the shell, the spectators were shocked at a sight which it would be indelicate in us to describe. The bodies were placed with those found on the preceding day, and at three o'clock an inquisition was taken on the whole of them, before G. Hodson, esq. coroner. The verdict was of course—*Accidental death.*

*Plymouth, Feb.* 3. Yesterday the Spanish prisoners were landed at Mill-bay, and escorted, under a guard, to Mill-prison, which is fitted up very comfortably for their reception. They are to be kept (from their inveterate hatred of the French) in the above prison, to prevent any communication between the prisoners of Spain and France.

*London, Feb.* 5. On Saturday, at Bow-street, John Steward, groom to a nobleman of distinction, underwent an examination for casting a quart glass bottle from the two-shilling gallery into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, on Friday night, and wounding a Mrs. Moss. It appeared, that the defendant, in company with another groom, had gone to the theatre with two bottles, one of which was filled with gin, the other with water. After having drank them out, they amused themselves with snatching them from each other; and ultimately the defendant threw one into the pit. Mrs. Moss, the present prosecutrix, the wife of a coal-merchant, had her head severely cut by the bottle; and a miss Watson was also cut, but slightly. The performance of the Anatomist was stopped until Mr. De Camp assured the audience, that whoever would secure the offender should be handsomely rewarded; when the defendant and his companion were pointed out, and taken to the watchouse by the constables of the theatre. Steward was committed for trial.

*Weymouth, Feb.* 6. On Friday last the Earl of Abergavenny, capt. Wordsworth, sailed from Portsmouth with the other outward-bound East-Indiamen, under convoy of the Weymouth frigate. The weather being unfavourable, and the wind strong against them, induced them to run into Portland roads.—The Weymouth frigate separated the very first night.—The Wexford, capt. Clark, being the oldest captain, and of course commodore, made the signal for the ships that had pilots on board to run for port. At about three P. M. on Tuesday, having got a pilot on board, the Earl of Abergavenny bore up for Portland roads; but the ebb tide setting in fast, and slack wind, she drove on the Shambles off the Bill of Portland. Signal guns of distress were immediately fired. At four P. M. she made much water, and gained fast upon the pumps. The crew endeavoured to bale her at the fore hatch-way; but all their endeavours to stop the leak, or keep the water under, were found to be in vain.—From that time to dark, and till eight o'clock, the situation of all on board was dreadful; it was seen to be impossible to save the ship, which was sinking fast and settling in the water. At eight P. M. more guns of distress were fired for boats to come off to save the crew, passengers, and king's and company's troops on board.

The purser was dispatched at eight, in one of the ship's boats, with the papers and dispatches, in order to save them.—The third mate, a cousin of the captain, and of the same name, accompanied the purser with about six seamen. —One boat came off from the shore; which took on board Mr. and miss Evans, miss Jackson, Mr. Routlidge, and Mr. Taylor, a cadet, all passengers. —About ten P. M. the water had got above the orlop-deck, in spite of the most unremitting endeavours of the crew, who are described as having behaved in the most cool, exemplary, and orderly manner.—In the mean time all on board were anxiously looking out for the boats from the shore; unfortunately, in the general distress and agony of the moment the ship's boats were forgotten to be hoisted out. About eleven P. M. the ship gave a surge, and went down almost in a moment, in twelve fathoms water, two miles from Weymouth beach. As she was sinking, the crew and passengers got up as fast as they could to the tops of the masts, about eighty persons in the whole. There were on board altogether nearly 400—Ship's crew was 160; between fifty and sixty passengers, and the rest king's and company's troops.—Some Chinamen were also on board to the number of thirty.—All but those who had got up the shrouds, and into the long boat which floated, and who were at the top of the wreck, were lost, to the number of 300.—About half past eleven P. M. boats were seen coming off the shore, and came nigh enough to be hailed; but did not save those who were still clinging to the shrouds and wreck. About twelve a sloop came to an anchor close to the ship, sent a boat and took off all the persons we have mentioned as being above water, and carried them to Weymouth. Not a single article of property or cargo, which was very valuable, was saved. She had 70,000l. in dollars on board.

## BIRTHS.

*January* 26. At Douglas, Isle of Man, the lady of Henry Michael Goold, esq. of a daughter.

27. At Rempstone, near Loughborough, the lady of Horace St. Paul, esq. of a daughter.

29. In Queen-square, the lady of E. Maitland, esq. of Shinfield, Berks, of a daughter.

The lady of Charles Milner, esq. of Preston Hall, in Kent, of a son.

30. At his lordship's seat at Wretham, the right. hon. lady Paget, of a son.

*Feb.* 5. The lady of brigadier-general Crosbie, of Northland, Sussex, of a son.

9. At Eyewood, in Herefordshire, the countess of Oxford, of a daughter.

12. In Old Broad-street, the lady of W. Thornton, esq. of a daughter.

13. At his lordship's house in Curzon-street, lady Henry Fitzroy, of a daughter.

19. In Manchester-square, the lady of Thomas Grimston Estcourt, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

*January* 23. The rev. John Glasse, rector of Barnham, in Norfolk, to miss Anna Maria Martin, third daughter of sir Mordaunt Martin, bart. of Long-Melford, in Suffolk.

24. At Easby, near Richmond, Yorkshire, Robert Chloner, esq. of Guisbrough, to the hon. Frances Laura Dundas, third daughter of the right hon. lord Dundas.

29. At St. Clement's church, Edward Morris, esq. barrister at law, member of parliament for the borough of Newport, in Cornwall, to miss Mary Erskine, youngest daughter of the hon. Thomas Erskine.

31. At Lymington, Hants, C. Plunkett, esq. of the Maltese corps, to miss Harriet Villebois, third daughter of the late William Villebois, esq. of Feltham-place, Middlesex.

Rear-admiral George Campbell, brother to lord Cawdor, to miss Eustatia Campbell.

Samuel Rowland, esq. of Derby, to Mrs. Heyward, relict of the late Mr. J. Heyward, of Norwich.

*Feb.* 4. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Anthony Buller, esq. son of the late John Buller, esq. of Morval, in Cornwall, to miss Isabella Lemon, daughter of sir William Lemon, bart. M. P. for Cornwall.

7. At Mary-la-bonne, by the rev. J. Cholmeley, F. L. Austen, esq. eldest son of F. M. Austen, esq. of Shippington Park, Kent, to miss P. Cholmeley, fourth daughter of the late M. Cholmeley, esq. of Easton, Lincolnshire.

Robert Wolseley, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the 2d Staffordshire militia, to miss Hand, only daughter of the late rev. archdeacon Hand.

9. By special licence, the earl of Clonmell, to lady Harriet Greville, second daughter of the earl of Warwick, at her father's house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square.—The ceremony was performed by the rev. Robert Dealtry, in the presence of the earl and countess of Warwick, and two or three friends.—At four o'clock the happy couple set off in his lordship's chariot and four to pass the honey-moon at his house near Guildford, lately taken for a few months.—Her ladyship's dress was very plain and becoming, and set her off to the greatest advantage. The train was of a beautiful fine soft muslin, with lace sleeves, and petticoat to correspond; a white satin bonnet, and a very rich Brussels lace veil. She wore a beautiful gold chain round her neck, which hung down her left side, with a miniature of her lord superbly set in diamonds at the end; and on her finger a diamond loop, valued at 1500 guineas. On her entering the chariot, she wore a fine pompadour pelisse, with a broad lace at the bottom.

William Balcombe Langridge, esq. of Lewes, Sussex, to miss Vidler, daughter of John Vidler, esq. Milbank-row, Westminster.

11. At St. Bride's, Peter White, esq. of Mapes-house, near Wilsdon, Middlesex, to Mrs. Doo, daughter of G. B. Devon, esq. of Bucks.

At St. Mary's, Islington, lieutenant Nicholas Bell, R. N. to miss Jane

Crease, youngest daughter of Anthony Crease, esq. Flushing, near Falmouth, Cornwall.

13. At Mary-la-bonne church, capt. Purvis, of the first or royal regiment of dragoons, eldest son of Charles Purvis, esq. of Darsham, Suffolk, to miss Randall, eldest daughter of the late John Randall, esq.

14. At Donhead, St. Andrew, John Horsey Waddington, esq. of Little Park, Hampshire, to miss Emma Philippa Grove, second daughter of J. Grove, esq. of Fern House, Wiltshire.

At Mary-la-bonne, George Snowden, esq. of Sandwich, Kent, to miss Diana Grove, youngest daughter of the late Silvanus Grove, esq. of Woodford, Essex.

At Mary-la-bonne church, George Wilhelm baron de Donop, light dragoons, king's German legion, to miss Augusta Cox, fifth daughter of the late general Cox.

At Mary-la-bonne church, capt. Edward O'Bryen, of the royal navy, and nephew to the marquis of Thomond, to miss Hotham, eldest daughter of general Hotham.

16. At Brighton, —— Osborn, esq. to miss Ward, daughter to the Hon. Mr. and lady Arabella Ward, and niece to the earl of Glandore.

18. At St. Margaret's, Henry James Barchard, esq. of East Hill, Wandsworth, to miss Fawkes, only daughter of Edward Fawkes, esq. of Great George-street, Westminster.

At Aldgate church, capt. W. Payne, of the royal artillery, to miss Staines, daughter of the late Wm. Staines, esq. of Farningham, Kent.

19. At West Ham church, by the rev. Dr. Gregory, Dr. Lewin, of Liverpool, to miss Kelsall, sister to the late Hon. John Kelsall.

20. At Christ church, Blackfriars-road, John Till, esq. to miss Maria Yonwin.

## DEATHS.

*Jan.* 19. At Woodcote-green, near Epsom, Mrs. Bristow, widow of William Bristow, esq. of Bath.

25. At Bath Easton, lady Croft, relict of sir Archer Croft, bart.

26. At his lodgings, Case's street, Liverpool, Mr. Richard Hurst, who for above forty years had performed as an actor on the London and Liverpool theatres, with characteristic propriety, in union with Garrick, Barry, Cibber, Pritchard, &c.

30. John Robinson, esq. professor of natural philosophy in the university of Edinburgh.

In Pall-Mall, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Shakespeare, wife of Arthur Shakespeare, esq. M. P. for Richmond, and sister to sir M. W. Ridley, bart.

In Great Portland-street, Mrs. Sharp, sister to the late sir Wm. Sharp, bart.

At his father's house, at Totteridge, Herts, Charles Lewis, esq. of Brazenose college, Oxford, aged 19, eldest son of James Lewis, esq. of Powis-place.

At her mother's house, Great Queen-street, miss Susannah Lisle, youngest daughter of the late Robert Lisle, esq. Acton, Northumberland.

31. Thos. Banks, esq. R. A. aged 70.

At her house in Bryanstone-street, Mrs. Smith, wife of William Smith, esq. late treasurer of the ordnance.

At her house in Baker-street, baroness de Stark, sister to sir Chaloner Ogle, bart. and the late dean of Winchester, and aunt to Mr. Grey, Mrs. Whitbread, and Mrs. Sheridan.

*Feb.* 2. Mrs. Jane Gore, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, in the 72d year of her age.

Mrs. Clarke, widow of the late capt. Peter Clarke, of his majesty's navy, and niece to the celebrated Dr. Franklin.

After a few days' illness, at his house at Edwardstone, in the county of Suffolk, Edward Burman, esq. aged 92.

At Ball-Haye, Staffordshire, aged 78, the rev. John Dobson, prebendary of Salisbury, and vicar of Deverell-Langbridge, and Market-Lavington, Wilts.

3. In the 59th year of his age, Matthias Wright, esq. chief magistrate of Bury St. Edmund's.

5. On Tuesday morning, at her father's house in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, in the 18th year of her age, miss Elizabeth Ann Ayton, the only child of John Ayton, esq.

At his house, on Ditton common, capt. Thomas Geary, of the royal navy.